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LETTERS

health care

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: "Refrigerator Roulette" by Robert B. Choate [*The Nation*, Jan. 31] had some worthwhile points to make, but I cannot let his implication go unchallenged that the reason the United States stands eleventh in life expectancy is because of misleading food advertising. The chief cause of our low ranking, which is dropping even lower, is the inadequacies of our health care delivery system. Our nutritional misinformation is not much more serious than in other countries that have higher life expectancies than ours, but our health care delivery system is.

Vern L. Bullough
(author, with Bonnie Bullough, of Health Care, Poverty, and Ethnic Identity)

getting around in Motown

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: Auto manufacturers have been so successful in obstructing the development of public transportation systems for Michigan that Governor Milliken said recently, "We will soon have the dubious distinction of having the largest city in the nation—Detroit—to be without a rapid transit program. Our state bus systems are in crisis. We have the largest city in the nation—Flint—to be without bus service this year." (Flint is controlled by General Motors to the same extent that Dearborn is controlled by Ford.)

To divert some of the blame from the auto manufacturers, the Detroit *Free Press* on January 25 ran a front-page headline, "Auto Firms Back Gas Tax for Transit Aid." When I read that I almost fell off my seat in a DSR bus. It was such an obvious lie.

Sure enough, the headline proved to be a public relations trick. In Lansing, the state capital, a representative who proposed to introduce a transit bill was visited by two auto industry lobbyists. They outlined the real meaning of the headline. They pointed out that a Detroit civic group's resolution which ostensibly supported mass transit had in it a phrase "with appropriate limitations." The representative asked, "So long as this bill permits the use of funds for rail service, you would have to oppose the bill?"

"Yes," answered the lobbyists. That was the truth hidden behind the headline.

Alan Mather

books for inmates

Leesburg, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: Leesburg State Prison is a new facility with a progressive policy but the usual shortage of funds. Consequently, the inmates are attempting to acquire a library through charitable donations.

The public greatly underestimates the level of intelligence of the prison population and the very real hunger for knowledge.

The great majority of inmates are not interested in romance or fiction—as evidenced by the many hands through which my copies of *The Nation* pass. The greatest interest is in biography, history, politics, sociology, anthropology, etc., or in sum, any factual and expository works. Since we have a large black population, there is great interest in works relating to the black race. We are also attempting to build a legal reference library and are particularly interested in the bound volumes of *recent* federal decisions, but also in such items as West's *New Jersey Digest*.

Donations may be forwarded to the Department of Education, State Prison, Leesburg, N.J. 08327, my attention; or, if there is a problem with respect to freight, I will attempt to make arrangements for someone to pick up any donations. Please give us an idea of the subject matter.

Robert F. Urbano, No. 37744—F-1

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Politics of 'Anti-Bussing'

"Anti-bussing," not bussing, is the issue. Bussing is a familiar, long-tested technique; there is nothing inherently unfair or arbitrary about it. Calling it "forced" or "compulsory" does not make bussing wicked. Parents are "forced" to enroll school-age children in schools. Bussing has not been used arbitrarily; in virtually all cases to date it has been used only in those instances where it was the most readily available means of overcoming state-sponsored segregation. Court-approved plans are subject to modification and adjustment. It is absurd to say that "compulsory bussing has failed" when it has so seldom been fairly tested. Even so it has succeeded remarkably well in the rural South and in other areas as well. To say that it is "the least desirable" means of achieving desegregation is fatuous. Does anyone seriously contend that disrupting housing patterns would be a quicker, less expensive or generally more acceptable remedy?

"Anti-bussing" is to Campaign '72 what "social issues" were to Campaign '70—an attempt to divert attention from the real issues. Precisely because "anti-bussing" has distinct racial overtones, it is emotionally charged and dangerously divisive. Exploitation of such an issue can make a mockery of even the rough-and-tumble debate that goes on in a national campaign. Other issues tend to be set aside for noisy quarrels about "the gut issue."

Politicians, as a breed, are reluctant to take what they fear to be unpopular positions on highly emotional issues. The result is to create an illusion of unanimity. In World War II, West Coast demagogues raised the cry "A Jap is a Jap" and only a handful of public citizens—and almost no politicians—challenged this idiotic dogma. The politicians were of one mind not because they really believed the nonsense that was being spouted about Japanese-Americans but because they feared a public state of mind which none of them could prove existed. Actually, the public was far from united on the matter. So, too, there is today a much larger acceptance of bussing than politicians, even the better ones, are willing to concede.

There are two favorite cop-outs in the "anti-bussing" demagoguery: "quality education" and "local control." All politicians are enthusiastic about "quality education," but segregated schools cannot meet the test. The evidence shows that minority children do better in nonsegregated classrooms, while part of the education of white children should be to know and respect children of a different skin color. By this time we should have learned that separate is never equal. True, blacks have more political power and there is a stronger sentiment against discrimination today than when *Plessy* vs. *Ferguson* was decided. But even if some federal means of financing public schools were forthcoming, separate could still not be made equal. It is also true that bussing children out of ghetto communities is opposed by some black parents. But agreed-upon national political values cannot be abrogated to appease majority sentiment in a particular neighborhood or community.

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"Anti-bussing" demagoguery is a form of lawlessness; that is precisely why there is talk of the need for a constitutional amendment to prohibit bussing to achieve racial balance. More shameful than the defiant attitude toward the Constitution and the courts is the obvious willingness to deny equal educational opportunities to thousands of black children who will be of school age only once, and that is now. Morally as well as constitutionally, it is legitimate to ask a majority to surrender some small portion of a claimed right—really a privilege in this context—if it is necessary to achieve equal rights for a minority. Fortunately there are some politicians who see the issue clearly. Mayor Lindsay is one: to him it is clearly moral. Governor Askew is another: to him it is a "problem of justice." Senator Mondale is a third: to him it is both.

The person responsible for the "anti-bussing" scandal is President Nixon. He assured Sen. Strom Thurmond in 1968 that if elected he would slow down the pace of integration. He has done his level best to keep his word. The reports of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission spell out, in precise detail, how this Administration has sought to sabotage the movement for equal justice. By default of leadership, and by his pursuit of equivocal policies, Mr. Nixon has set the stage for the present frenzy about bussing. Now he proposes to exploit the angry sentiment which he has done so much to stimulate. He intends to use it, of course, to divide the Democrats and at the same time to protect his right flank and support his Southern strategy. Just what tactic he will adopt—new legislation or a constitutional amendment—is uncertain, but in the end he will favor the measure which offers maximum opportunity to exploit the prejudice implicit in "anti-bussing."

We are told that the President has a passionate desire to be in the White House when the nation celebrates the second centennial of its founding. But will 1976 be another 1876 based on still another "reconciliation"—that is, a sellout of the Fourteenth Amendment as it applies to racial issues? Few Presidents have exhibited Mr. Nixon's insensitivity toward historic values and traditions. Lincoln's Day, 1972 should be remembered as a day of infamy. For almost on the day—give or take a few hours—that the memory of Abraham Lincoln was being honored, our Republican President was plotting in the White House with a group of militant anti-bussing politicians. Not one black member of Congress was present or had been consulted. It was strictly a cabal of antis. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Journey Is the Message

From the standpoint of capturing an audience, the President's China trip was an immense success. It is too early to assess the serious results, if any, of the Presidential pilgrimage, and at this juncture, the only safe comment is the one made by William Millinship in *The Observer* of London: "The journey, via the media, is the message." The two were coupled from the beginning, since the journey insured the coverage, but the Nixon operators left nothing to chance. They saw to it that the coverage would be as extensive as the modern technology of public relations could make it. The preparations were monumental, costly and planned with conspiratorial cunning—

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as by way of keeping the printed media reasonably satisfied while channeling the bulk of the news to the men of the tube. The Administration has been in control at all times, and from a purely technical standpoint its management must elicit wry admiration.

Four days after Mr. Nixon appeared on TV with the news that he would be going to China, the Washington bureau chiefs of ABC, CBS and NBC met at the White House with Presidential press agent Ron Ziegler.

According to Don Oberdorfer in *The Washington Post* (February 20) three possible plans for coverage were discussed. The one the networks preferred was live coverage with electronic cameras transmitting via satellite from a ground station to be established in China. No one seems to have been optimistic that this plan would meet Chinese approval, and when, in October, Henry Kissinger went a second time to China to make further preparations for the Presidential visit, all hands were surprised and gratified by Chinese consent to live transmission. "The White House and TV networks," Oberdorfer writes, "knew they had a hot property on their hands."

In early January another advance party visited China, this time including Ziegler and seven TV executives and engineers. They went over the entire Presidential route for the eight-day visit. The original Chinese estimate of less than thirty American press representatives was expanded to eighty "newsgathering" functionaries, plus some sixty-eight "technicians," nearly all for television. All would arrive well in advance to insure the success of history's greatest TV effort to date.

The other media—newspaper chains, magazines and non-network broadcast organizations—were to receive one seat apiece in the advance party's airplane. Some, however, were bumped. Among these unfortunates Oberdorfer lists the *Boston Globe, Newsday,* the *Buffalo Evening News,* RKO General Broadcasting and Golden West Broadcasting —all of which have desks in the White House press room and regularly cover the President. In some cases the omissions may have been for lack of space, in others, the organization may have been on what used to be known on the Hearst chain as the chief's son-of-a-bitch list. Thus *Newsday* might have been excluded because it had taken freedom of the press seriously and run pieces about the President and his friend Bebe Rebozo which neither gentleman liked.

A truly novel expedient was thought up to enable TV "creative" people to go on the trip. Ordinarily producers, et al. are in a class distinctly separate from, and far above, engineers and technicians. Without the latter the networks and every TV/radio station in the country would be blind and dumb, but they are taken for granted in the business of getting the viewers and listeners to buy medications and patent foods. Oberdorfer lists seventeen people, designated as "television specialists," ten of whom were actually producers or executive producers. At least one sound engineer and one cameraman were bumped in the process of seating all the big shots who wanted to go.

The journey to Peking has an interesting but forgotten genesis. On March 14, 1960, Rep. Charles O. Porter placed in the *Congressional Record* a column from *The Washington Post* by George Dixon, in which then Vice President Nixon was said to be most eager to visit Peking. The State Department and the Secretary of State (Christian Herter) had offered to clear the idea "at the other end with Red China's political boss, Mao Tse-tung." Apparently Nixon had decided that since his Moscow visit and confrontation with Khrushchev had worked so well, a similar journey to Peking might succeed even better. But two Democratic Senators, Engle and Magnusson, were most indignant that Nixon should seek to make political capital of a trip to Peking, since it would surely enable him to overshadow any stay-at-home Democratic opponent in the Presidential election of that year. If he made the trip, they would demand clearance too. Faced with the "fast track" of the 1972 campaign, the President obviously resurrected the long-forgotten tactic and this time made it work. But what truth is there to Mark Gayn's report in the Toronto *Star* that Sen. Edward Kennedy applied for a visa but was turned down? Or to Wilfrid Burchett's similar report that "a prominent Democrat," who wanted very much to visit China, had made the mistake of seeking to clear the idea first with Mr. Nixon? Whatever there may be to these rumors, Nixon gets credit for dreaming up the idea of the journey-to-Peking tactic as early as 1960—before the Sino-Soviet split had assumed its present intensity and well before the escalation in Vietnam.

The Politics of the Event

As with the diplomatic consequences, so it is too soon to assess the political impact of the President's journey. The trip momentarily diverted attention from the ongoing war in Vietnam and preempted the headlines for a week. When scheduling the visit, the Master Planner obviously had an eye on the New Hampshire primary and no doubt he will arrange to make his "Report to the Nation" on prime time, in living color, on the eve of the voting there. But it is still a long time to November and the magic of the Orient will fade in the stream of events. Moreover, the saturation coverage had its drawbacks; it did not provide much entertainment; indeed, it was quite dull at times. On balance, though, the short-term political advantage is with the President.

If the journey was a major event in the history of television, it may also prove to be a major event in the history of Presidential politics, for it demonstrates the extent to which a President can manipulate the media and dominate the news if he wants to use the power of his office to those ends. The impoverished Democrats cannot compete with lavish free coverage—the China trip is said to have cost the taxpayers $1 million—which comes under the heading of news, not politics. Logically, the networks should bill the Republican National Committee for their expenses; aren't sponsors supposed to pay production costs?

Still the trip cannot be dismissed as mere political ballyhoo. It has written *finis* to twenty years of illusions. No longer can it be pretended that the Chinese do not exist, and they have ceased, suddenly, to be "enemies." Exchanges, cultural, educational and scientific, may well follow. An accommodation about Taiwan is not impossible. If achieved, it could lead to recognition of Communist China and active trade relations. Nor should it be forgotten that the trip helped to make possible the seating of

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of the state at the edge of the Boston megalopolis, is the second fastest growing county in the nation. New Hampshire is one of the fastest growing states in the country, its population having increased more than 20 per cent in the past ten years, to about 750,000. Most of this growth has been in the south.

Politically, it is more difficult to say what is happening to the new New Hampshire of the south, except perhaps that it is restless and not as conservative as the central and northern rural sections of the state. If one were to compare New Hampshire with the rest of the nation, rural New Hampshire would relate to other rural conservative areas, while the rapidly growing areas of the south would compare somewhat to the outlying suburbs of the country's large cities. In between is that New England phenomenon, the mill town. While New Hampshire remains what it has always been—extremely conservative in all ways from life styles to politics—it has at the same time become more representative of the entire country in the past four years.

As the March 7th national primary approaches, the thing that stands out in New Hampshire is that nothing stands out. Both the Democratic and the Republican contests are cluttered with candidates and the confusion is heightened because for the first time in a New Hampshire primary candidates are vying for the independent vote. Furthermore, in the speeches of the candidates, in the questions put to them at bean suppers and rallies, and in the pages of the state's newspapers, no single issue is clearly emerging. The failure of these campaigns to take shape is caused at least in part by the fact that, of the two front-runners in the primaries, Richard Nixon isn't there to discuss the issues, and Edmund Muskie spends more time ducking issues than he does confronting them.

In this relatively formless situation, the state of the economy—the sorry state of the economy—is the issue that has been receiving the most attention; but in recent weeks the war has been steadily gaining. Supporters of Republican challenger Paul McCloskey, a California Congressman who is opposed to U.S. policy in Vietnam, say that when their candidate started campaigning last summer, people were bored with the war issue; now they perk up when it is mentioned. It is also clear that the war is no longer Lyndon Johnson's war; as far as New Hampshire people are concerned, it has become Richard Nixon's war.

While Mr. Nixon was a happy noncompeting participant in the Congressional elections two years ago, he has adopted for the current primaries the stance of the aloof and busy statesman. He wrote to his New Hampshire campaign manager, Lane Dwinell: "I feel it is essential, particularly in this year when events of such importance to the world's future are taking place, that at least until the Republican convention the President should refrain from public partisan activities in order to conduct the business of government with a minimum intrusion of purely political activity."

Like all wise incumbent politicians, Richard Nixon is not going to dirty his hands on ordinary politicking. That doesn't mean that others won't dirty their hands on his behalf, and, indeed, the Granite State has never seen the likes of the slick underground campaign being waged for the President this year. For Nixon, the importance of New Hampshire is simple: his chief challenger, McCloskey, is throwing almost everything he has into this primary, and if McCloskey can be decisively turned back here, the President should have no serious competition until the general election in the fall. One of the interesting things about Richard Nixon as a Presidential candidate through the years is that he never had serious opposition in the primaries until this year in New Hampshire. He has always become the Republican Party nominee via the back door, being able to avoid the electoral process by going to the smoke-filled rooms of the county chairmen.

The Nixon people appear intent, therefore, on settling the whole primary business quickly. The President is an old New Hampshire hand and knows its potential importance in the national elections. Not only did the state assure him his place as Vice President on the Republican ticket in 1956 but it assured him of becoming the GOP Presidential nominee in 1968. Moreover, it was a graveyard for the Presidential aspirations of Republicans George Romney and Nelson Rockefeller. On the Democratic side, it started Lyndon Johnson packing for the ranch in 1968. Mr. Nixon is not making Johnson's fatal mistake of allowing New Hampshire politicians to run his entire state campaign. He has a cadre of national political professionals moving in and out of New Hampshire, to insure that the campaign runs well. Mr. Nixon is on the ballot; Mr. Johnson was a write-in candidate.

New Hampshire is being blitzed by Cabinet members and other Republican luminaries, including HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, Transportation Secretary John Volpe, New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, and numerous U.S. Congressmen and Senators. Many come bearing gifts: William Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, dropped off $1 million in Laconia to upgrade the city's sewage treatment facilities. The Laconia newspaper called that a "dramatic announcement." In addition, the President has kept open the Portsmouth Navy Yard, which employs about 6,000 persons. The Navy Yard was marked for closing nearly a decade ago by the Kennedy administration, and in a review of the nation's military bases last July, *The Wall Street Journal* said: "Clearly the yard has survived mainly for political reasons." Hyman Rickover has said that the "Portsmouth Naval Shipyard is the most inefficient nuclear-submarine yard, private or public, I have ever seen."

As the primary approaches, the media become increasingly important. For years, the rightist Manchester *Union Leader* has trumpeted what it regards as Mr. Nixon's superior qualities (his anti-communism, for instance). The paper has cooled somewhat recently because of Mr. Nixon's visit to China, but it has built up a residue of pro-Nixon sentiment over a period of nearly twenty years. Furthermore, the paper is propped up by a Teamsters union loan and the Nixon Administration delighted its publisher recently by freeing James Hoffa. *The Union Leader* is extremely powerful, since it is the only statewide newspaper and the only morning newspaper in New Hampshire. In any case, most of the other papers in the state,

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both dailies and weeklies, have been long-time supporters of Mr. Nixon.

The national television networks are the only mass communications that can effectively bypass *The Union Leader* and, just before the election, national networks play a strong role in New Hampshire—they were certainly dominant in the successful McCarthy campaign of 1968. However, from now until primary day this year the networks and other national media reaching New Hampshire will be chiefly occupied with Nixon's China trip.

The President is being backed up by the major part of New Hampshire's Republican establishment, from Governor Peterson and the Congressional delegation to county and town GOP chairmen. But the popular Governor isn't campaigning for the President because, he says, the press of state affairs is too intense. Peterson seems almost apologetic about supporting Nixon and indeed the entire Nixon campaign in New Hampshire lacks enthusiasm; it has been in a holding pattern. The "peak" is coming—not from New Hampshire or Washington—but from China in the form of a media extravaganza.

Nevertheless, McCloskey has picked up support from some of the state's key Republicans. Robert Reno, a Concord lawyer who has long been prominent in New Hampshire Republican circles, is managing McCloskey's campaign. Other Republicans supporting McCloskey include Mayor Malcolm McLane of Concord and his wife, Susan, a state representative, and Harlan Logan, former House Majority Leader. There have certainly been no mass defections of Republicans to the McCloskey camp, but he has gradually been picking up party support throughout the state.

Logan thinks New Hampshire has been changing more rapidly than most people realize. He personifies the relatively new idea that an outsider can come into New Hampshire and break into the establishment. A native of Mississippi, and a former editor of *Look,* Logan retired in the Hanover area a decade ago. "I wanted to run for office," Logan recalls. "But the Republican Party in my town wouldn't go along with me, so I ran on my own. I went to bean suppers, talked to everyone I could get my hands on. I even went on a coon hunt and stayed up all night." Logan won and in 1969 he became Majority Leader in the House.

Logan believes that enough New Hampshiremen are sufficiently open-minded to give his candidate, McCloskey, a good run. "People don't come right out and say their feelings because of the Republican structure throughout the state," says Logan. "But it's a different story when they go behind the curtain to vote." (The other Republican candidate, Rep. John Ashbrook of Ohio, is a late starter who aims to pick up the vote of Republicans to the right of Mr. Nixon, if there are any.) McCloskey's style, which might best be described as professional ex-Marine, sits well in New Hampshire. The California Congressman is sufficiently conservative in appearance and opinions to be attractive. Furthermore, he has worked hard since summer and is a good campaigner—both in face-to-face encounters and in large meetings. McCloskey makes a big flap about what he calls his "truth in government" issue, but when he presents it, it comes off like a wholehearted endorsement for apple pie. The war is his best issue and the fact that he is a decorated Marine Corps veteran (Silver Star in Korea) makes it easier for him to be critical. But, like Eugene McCarthy in 1968, McCloskey is something of a lightning rod for dissent: most of his votes will come from people who want to vote against President Nixon. Even McCloskey's supporters admit that.

An anti-Nixon vote? In New Hampshire? Yes, but the question is how big. At a recent rally held in Nashua by the Self Help Action Group (SHAG), a group of unemployed professional people, an informal poll revealed that most members won't vote for Nixon. One SHAG official said there are 1,500 to 2,000 technicians and professional people out of work in the Nashua area alone ("and they won't be voting for Nixon"). The SHAG people are interested in opening up more avenues for nondefense employment in the state. So is defense contractor Sanders Associates of Nashua, the largest employer in the state, whose payroll, sales and earnings are all down sharply. Sanders Associates is now making a big push in the commercial computer field. While spots here and there have been hit hard by unemployment, the state's overall rate is 5.2 per cent—considerably lower than the 6.4 per cent national average. The unemployment figures of the other New England states are even higher than the national rate, so New Hampshire fares well by comparison. Industry continues to come to New Hampshire because the state is considered to have a good business climate—i.e., labor is cheaper and labor unions are weaker here than elsewhere.

While the Republican primary is pretty much a do-or-die affair for McCloskey, who must be considered Nixon's only serious challenger, the Democratic race, although extremely important to each of the individual candidates, is just one skirmish in what promises to be a long series of contests. Sen. Edmund Muskie of neighboring Maine is the heavy favorite here and is running almost as a favorite son.

Of all the candidates in either race, Sen. George McGovern of South Dakota has been the most incisive, but he has had trouble getting exposure. The China trip, the plethora of candidates, the fight over taxes, the media problem, have all muffled the McGovern campaign, which is focused sharply on the issues. Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and his "Yortymobile," a mobile home built to look like an old-time campaign train, is providing a touch of *opéra bouffe* to the campaign, and for this spot of comic relief New Hampshiremen are grateful. Yorty's chief strength is that he is being supported heavily by *The Union Leader.* Other candidates include Sen. Vance Hartke and Rep. Wilbur Mills, both late starters. Many are looking for a small but perhaps significant write-in vote for Sen. Edward Kennedy.

While the Republican voters are largely white-collar Protestant, the Democrats are primarily mill-town-worker Catholics, and just as the Republicans have been loosening up, so have the Democrats. One indication of a change among Catholics is a new monthly newspaper published independently but with the permission of their bishop. For years the redbaiting *Union Leader* has been the *de facto* diocesan newspaper, playing up routine Church news, but indoctrinating, too, with articles and news by and on Catholic priests warning of the ever present dangers of

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communism. The new Catholic paper is a modest publication, but a real sign of change.

There is a certain vague discontent in New Hampshire. It is not as evident here as, say, in the Boston area, and malaise would be too strong a word to describe it, but almost everyone senses that something is wrong. People who moved to New Hampshire to escape the urban rat race find that the rat race has followed them. The telephone service is poor and the phone company has filed for a 14 per cent rate increase. People can't get doctors when they need them and Blue Shield has filed for a rate increase of 25 per cent, and Blue Cross for 33 per cent. Farmers everywhere now have electric milking machines and the Public Service Company of New Hampshire is attempting to raise its rates 9 per cent. There are traffic jams at rush hour in Manchester, Concord and Nashua. Many of the state's lakes, streams and rivers are polluted. Air pollution begins to be a problem. Even skiers are feeling the squeeze; so many of them have been crowding to Mt. Washington for spring skiing in recent years that what had once been an experience in the great outdoors began to resemble the subway at rush hour. The fragile tundra and high elevation soil were taking a beating, trees were being cut down, grass trampled. The area is tightly restricted now.

New Hampshire is unique in that it has neither an income tax nor a general sales tax. As a result, it has a staggering property tax rate—one of the highest in the nation. The elderly are doubly hit. Retired persons, who would normally pay no income tax, must pay the high property taxes; but because the New Hampshire state treasury is low, the state can't produce the matching funds required to participate in many federal programs that aid the elderly. The same problem freezes New Hampshire out of federal aid for education. On the one hand, that state has a tradition of self-reliance; on the other, its people have increasingly become aware that New Hampshire lags in public services. The tax issue is a stormy one and the legislature has been grappling with it, one result being that it is fogging the primary campaign issues.

Two new factors in the primary this year are the youth vote and the independent vote. Of some 400,000 voters eligible, including about 160,000 Republicans and 100,000 Democrats, as many as 75,000 will be under 25 and some 130,000 are registered as independents eligible to vote for the first time in a New Hampshire primary. They are the wild cards in the game. That many of the younger people are apathetic seems indicated by a low registration rate in that group. And there is something of a paradox for McGovern and McCloskey, who are increasingly competing for the youth vote; McGovern has been attracting more college students, but most of these are from out of state and ineligible to vote. McCloskey has been winning the high school polls, but few of the students there are old enough to vote.

But the biggest paradox of all in New Hampshire this year is the New Hampshire voter, who through the years has taken what many would regard as a perverse delight in confounding the experts. If he has made up his mind on how he is voting, he hasn't told anyone yet. □

BANGLADESH

THE FUSE IN THE SUBCONTINENT

PAUL DEUTSCHMAN

Mr. Deutschman has been a foreign editor of Life, *a State Department and foreign aid official, and a correspondent covering Europe, Asia and Africa. His first novel,* The Adipose Complex, *will be published in the fall by Dial Press.*

There's a "Phase Two" shaping up also on the Indian subcontinent. I do not speak of fiscal problems—though they will persist in multiplicity—but, rather, the whole set of new problems that must be faced as a result of East Bengal's emergence as the sovereign state of Bangladesh. Some of these are obvious and are already being mentioned; others are not so obvious and curiously unmentioned. In the interest of long-range international realities as well as our own future national sanity, it may be well to set down here some of the salient features of this next stage, which could well extend beyond the 1970s.

The first of these might be termed the possible *territorial* consequences of Bangladesh. Before and during the recent war, United Nations debate and attendant editorializing prophesied balefully about what would happen if the eastern "wing" of Pakistan achieved independence. Among many others, James Reston in *The New York Times* warned against the "process of fragmenting the subcontinent" that would now begin. And Pakistan's then Deputy Prime Minister Bhutto, in his first impassioned speech before the Security Council on December 13, spoke of the "proclivity"—he reached back to an aide for the word—"for other 'Bangladeshes' all over the world." ("You will all have your Bangladeshes!" he shouted across the Council table.)

The possibilities for external Bangladeshes certainly exist—Croatia, Ulster, French Canada, the Basques of France and Spain, the Kurds, the Moros, the Ukrainians, the Mongolians, the blacks of South Africa, and Mississippi—almost anyone can dip his finger into the ink of acrimony and stab out a list of his own. The possibilities for continuing the fragmentation of the subcontinent are equally self-evident. The pessimistic, or the ill-wishers, need only recall that not long ago this approximately 1.7-million-square-mile area was pocked and potted with eleven provinces ruled directly by the British viceroy, plus no less than 601 assorted "princely and native states," variously ruled by maharanis, maharajas, nawabs, rajahs

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and jagadirs, and by one Gaekwar (of Baroda), one Jam Sahib (of Nawanagar), one Nizam (of Hyderabad) and one Wali (of Swat)—all profusely panoplied over by a tangle of intrigue, animosity, pacts and counter pacts, and high and low financial skulduggery. Even today some 360 separate languages and major dialects are spoken by some dozens of discernible ethnic groups whose distribution on the subcontinent coincides poorly with the present arrangement of boundary lines. Many of them display variously energetic separatist movements and leaders.

And those of us who are optimistic and wish well toward the subcontinent's manipulated and sorely beset people must yet realize that at least a half dozen of these movements are to be taken seriously. First and foremost is Kashmir, where the situation (embarrassingly for India) parallels that existing in prewar Pakistan: a partitioned land, an incarcerated leader (Sheikh Abdullah, the "Mujib" of Kashmir, in and out of Indian jails and exile since 1953); and not just an unheeded election but an unheld one (contrary to U.N. resolutions for a plebiscite starting back in 1951). Then, the Sikh separatist movement, under the revered Sant Fateh Singh, has *potential* interests on both sides of the present Indian-Pakistani borders; and the Pushtunistan Movement simmers among the Pathans of Pakistan's North West Frontier; they are rugged mountain warriors, descendants of Alexander the Great's armies, and never subdued by anyone. Also, the D.M.K. Front ("Drivida Munnetra Kazahagen") calls for an independent Madras, "Tamilnad," comprising some 50,000 square miles of south India and containing 50 million people, mostly Dravidian, whose rancor toward the lighter-skinned north Indians who run things and try to foist languages on them resulted in riots and bloodshed during the late 1960s. Beyond these are the perennially battered-down revolts by the fierce tribesmen of India's North East Frontier, seeking their own "Nagaland" and "Mizoland." And there is finally the most important potential fragmentation of them all: West Bengal's threat to choose independence, and afterward, perhaps, to leap for the bosom of the newly proclaimed mother country, Bangladesh. (More on this in a moment.)

Next, and likewise fairly obvious, are the possible economic consequences for Bangladesh itself. With 55,000 square miles of dank, low-lying paddies, bright green hills and dense rain forest, rich in jute and tea and little else; flourishing only in human misery; and with a population density of 979 per square mile (as compared with 51 per square mile in the United States), this is hardly a viable state from an economic point of view. Theoretically, Bangladesh is dependent upon India; in fact, it is dependent upon the United States. Because, assuming perfect good will and altruism on the part of both Russia and China, neither of these other two superpowers could supplant the United States as the *meaningful* source of aid for the subcontinent. That is a fact of life which even the most vociferous anti-American speechifier understands.

Then, there are the political consequences, which are just now beginning to be discussed with a semblance of dispassion, though it will be a long time before they are unraveled and finally attain some degree of significant coalescence. For the present, it may be helpful to consider the possibility that there are no real, 100 per cent heroes or villains to this tale. There has been, and will continue to be, a great deal of arguing about how "even-handed" the United States was in the India-Pakistan dispute, or wished to be. It may be profitless to try to decide whether there was an actual conspiracy in favor of the Yahya regime, or whether Mr. Nixon lost his temper when the crisis broke, and swung to an anti-India policy, instead of continuing to mince along the icy tightrope between the two unwanted alternatives that Dulles had plotted out and that succeeding administrations had followed so assiduously. But it is a fact that our policy has been *more* evenhanded than those of Russia or China. They are the truly committed parties, and they are the two potential contenders in this latest and most important cockpit of superpower politics.

Many people—Westerners and capitalists among them—may hold that this is logically so; that the basic problems of the subcontinent (overproduction of people, underproduction of food and inhumanity of man to man) cannot be solved, or even circumvented, except by some drastic form of socialism. Thus all sorts of political alignments and counter alignments are still possible, and it is much too soon (not to mention simplistic) to hold that the Russians have *emerged* as the dominant superpower on the subcontinent. There are imponderables, as, for example: How important are the Mao Communists in Bangladesh and particularly in the Indian part of Bengal? How will the classical revolutionary situation—the struggle for power between the on-scene ex-guerrillas and the unblooded, triumphantly returning government-in-exile—resolve itself? Will the Soviet ties with Indira Gandhi's government carry over to the succeeding government, which—to use an archaic classification—seems ultimately destined to move "leftward"? And how much of a final solution to Pakistan's considerable ailments does Bhutto represent? Is he Kerensky—or a younger Hindenburg—or a larger Dollfuss?

But the most far-reaching possible consequence of Bangladesh, hardly discussed as yet, is a somewhat "philosophical" one: namely, the threat posed to the very existence of Pakistan itself as a sovereign state. The partition of 1947 contained a booby trap, which was the division of the subcontinent according to religious differences. An illogically patchworked state, consisting of two euphemistically termed "wings" (separated by the 1,000-mile-wide hostile body of India), and with a population soon to proliferate to approximately 130 million, became known as "Pakistan" ("land of the pure" in Urdu), and was based on the supposedly inseparable ties of the Moslem religion. No matter that some 30 million of the subcontinent's Moslems (the number doubled over the ensuing twenty-five years) found themselves in the lands allotted to India. (Some actually chose secularism; most had secularism thrust upon them by some polo-playing Hindu rajah going thisaway instead of that.) No

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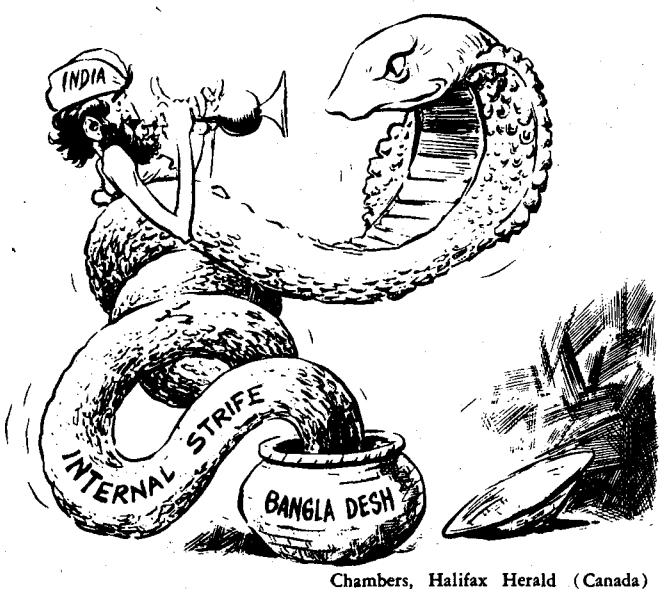
matter also that the inhabitants of the West Wing (forgetting some half dozen tribal differences among them) were essentially Middle Easterners (kebab-eaters, wheat-oriented, glamorizing hardy desert and mountain warriors with Bedouin-like traditions, and all the rest), while those of the East Wing were essentially Asians (meek-seeming, supposedly supple-minded bazaar hagglers, rice-acculturated lowlanders), more akin to the Hindus of neighboring India or the Buddhists of neighboring Burma and Thailand.



Chambers, Halifax Herald (Canada)

But now Bangladesh has blossomed into statehood, as a result of a rebellion of these Bengalis against their co-religionists of West Pakistan, and with the very active assistance of India. What this means (aside from disposing once and for all of the "warrior race" fantasy that one Pakistani—West, that is—is a match in combat for ten Hindus and/or Bengalis) is that there exists on the subcontinent a current that goes against the original thesis and underlying philosophy of partition. Nationalist ties have proved more important than religious ties—the latter being reputedly the unassailable cement of Pakistan's sovereignty. Thus the subcontinent has now achieved a milestone of *Realpolitik* that the Western world, for better or worse, reached a good two centuries ago.

It follows that Bangladesh is a threat-in-being to the entire subcontinent. And it does not stand alone—to be examined at leisure by scholars in the universities or political philosophers at the Security Council. The fuse that can set off the whole simmering mess exists just next door. It is India's own state of West Bengal, where a strong and exceedingly long-lived sentiment for apartism exists. That fuse can ignite the entire nationalism-over-religion business; and, thus, threatens the super-Balkanization of not just the subcontinent but of all the former realm of the British Raj, from west of the Khyber Pass down to the southern tip of Ceylon and east of Mandalay, as far as the present Burmese borders with China and Indochina. And if you can make such a comparison of two places whose peoples are so numerous and prolific as to be drowning in one another's footsteps, and where misery is so rampant that begging is an honored profession, and cripples are manufactured expressly by solicitous parents, in order to give their offspring a head start in life, then West Bengal can be said to be more politically evolved than Bangladesh. There is, thus, the strong possibility that West Bengal—within perhaps the next three to five years—will strike out for some form of autonomy, if not out-and-out independence, either on its own, or with some outside encouragement. And if that does happen, nationalism—the force of the future—will have won another victory. And, once again, against religion. Most of the West Bengalis (80 per cent) are Hindus, and they would be breaking away from the predominantly Hindu (84 per cent) nation of India. That secession, in turn, could ignite the other independence movements—the Madrassis, the Sikhs, the Pathans, the Punjabis, etc.

Thus, if nationalist ties prevail over religious ones, and the condition proliferates throughout the subcontinent, there looms a further, logical development, inherent in the drive toward new nationalistic alignments that ignore present border demarcations. First, as mentioned previously, the Hindu West Bengalis might join up with the Moslem East Bengalis to form a Greater Bangladesh. Then, the Pathans might come together—on both sides of the Khyber Pass (the present West Pakistani and present Afghanistani sides); then could follow a union of present Indian Kashmir with present Pakistan Kashmir; the Sikhs, now in India's Punjab, might regain their golden city, Lahore, now over the border in Pakistan's Punjab; the Nagas within India's Assam State might join those on the other side of the Burmese border; and so on with the Madrassis, the Baluchis, the Sindis—a nationalistic drive of like people to come together. Thus, the subcontinent might be fragmented and reformed into a number of new states taking little cognizance of present Indian-Pakistani-Kashmiri-Bangladeshi, or whatever, borders.

Such an eventuality could contain the long-term solution to many of the problems posed today by the subcontinent. The word would be "federation," a federation of nation-states to be called "The Indian Union" or, perhaps, "The South Asian Union." The starting point might be a realistic, loose, economic union of the two parts of Bengal—each with some kind of "dominion" tie to the former mother country, India or Pakistan, with a pooling of their common resources and common problems for socioeconomic development and with help to come from the three superpowers and various international entities (the World Bank, the U.N. Development Program, the large private foundations, etc.). The best, and potentially perhaps most beneficial, project to be undertaken might be the creation of a "Ganges River Authority"—eliminating the anachronistic and uneconomic water-power and irrigation complexes that now exist almost in duplicate on both sides of the Bangladesh-West Bengal borders. That could lead to a kind of "developmental bridge" between the two mother countries, and in turn to other such common undertakings elsewhere on the subcontinent—and, eventually, to meaningful federation.

There is one very large hitch: the "solution" makes sense, and that alone could mitigate against it. For of all places on this self-tortured planet of ours, the Indian subcontinent is the least likely to embrace logic. □

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HESBURGH OF NOTRE DAME

THE NECESSARY CATHOLIC

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Messrs. Connelly and Dooley are co-authors of Notre Dame in Transition: The Story of President Theodore M. Hesburgh, *to be published by Hawthorn.*

During a conversation with two visiting alumni recently, Fr. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame, pulled from his pocket a dog-eared yellow paper that listed more than fifty prominent American college presidents. "When I compiled this list, every one of these men held office," Hesburgh told his visitors; "now I am the only one left."

The Notre Dame president had been speaking of the turbulent era of campus protest which now seems to have ended, and confirmation of his list can be found in a study conducted for the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education by Prof. Harold Hodgkinson of the University of California. The Hodgkinson study showed that 71 per cent of the nation's colleges have had at least two presidents since 1960. The median tenure for college presidents, according to Hodgkinson's findings, has fallen from eleven years to four.

President Hesburgh is thus the dramatic exception to a trend. This year "Father Ted" (as he likes to be called) will mark his twentieth anniversary as president of the nation's best known Catholic university. He is as popular on the Notre Dame campus today as he was in 1952, and gives no sign of a desire to retire. Indeed, the Notre Dame president has declined other posts, both clerical and secular. He could be the cardinal-archbishop of Chicago, but Pope Paul VI received a polite turndown when he offered the post to "Father Ted" several years ago. Lyndon Johnson considered him for Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and for director of NASA, but Hesburgh demurred. More recently, in January 1969, President Nixon asked Hesburgh to take charge of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

"I told him I'd be too radical for the job," Hesburgh recalled not long ago; "I told Nixon 'I won't become your poverty czar, but I will give you some advice.' Nixon took out one of those yellow legal pads of his and scribbled while I talked. I said that were I in his shoes I would summon the Joint Chiefs, tell them how grateful we are to them, and then say that they would henceforth have to make do with a budget of $40 billion. Then I would take the $40 billion saved and invest it in meeting human needs."

Gesturing with his long cigar, Hesburgh looked the epitome of an Establishment pooh-bah, save for his Roman collar. Over the past three years, he has repeatedly given advice to the Administration, though the circumstances have become less friendly. As the last Eisenhower appointee and now chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, Hesburgh has taken issue with Nixon's go-slow school desegregration policy. Three times during 1971 the forthright Holy Cross priest chastised the Justice Department for its reluctance to proceed with civil rights enforcement. Finally, Hesburgh has called for an immediate end to the war in Indochina and supported peace demonstrations by his students.

Today, Hesburgh is the most influential cleric in America, and the only possible rival to Dr. Billy Graham as preacher to the nation. Member of more than a score of foundations and commissions, and the recipient of nearly thirty honorary degrees (the most recent from Yale), Hesburgh has become the mandatory Catholic whenever foundation executives and government power brokers gather to study national problems in the fields of science, education and race. The first Catholic priest to enter the mainstream of academic and political life in the United States, he is a sign of the maturing of the American Catholic community.

Yet Hesburgh's myriad activities have tended to obscure the base on which his position rests: his achievement as head of Notre Dame. Whatever the future holds for Hesburgh the Establishment consultant, the transformation he has wrought in South Bend, Ind., has secured his reputation as an educator and, inferentially, as a politician. Although even many of its partisans are not yet completely aware of it, the old Notre Dame of myth and legend has been buried by "Father Ted," and a new and very different Notre Dame has been created under his tutelage.

In 1952, Notre Dame was known chiefly for its football teams and its conservative "Catholic ghetto" mentality. The Notre Dame of 1972 is recognized for its scholastic excellence and, as *The New York Times* editorialized recently, "as a citadel of liberalism among Catholic universities." Two decades ago, Hesburgh's university was the very private possession of an order of priests; today, Notre Dame is officially secular and a board of trustees dominated by laymen makes final policy decisions. In 1952, Notre Dame was the most orderly and regimented campus in the nation, with the possible exception of the three military academies; twenty years later Notre Dame has weathered its share of student protests, and "permissiveness" has become the norm. At a university which once proclaimed the motto, "For God, Country, and Notre Dame," perhaps half the student body defects from the Church during the undergraduate years and hundreds of graduating seniors in the last three years have pledged to refuse induction into the armed services. Even the much touted "all male character" of Notre Dame will soon be only a memory, for the university will admit women next fall.

Until recently, the words "Catholic university" have conveyed notions of discipline, docility and mediocrity. "A Catholic university is a contradiction in terms," said George Bernard Shaw, and for many years Catholic Americans—insecure, defensive, not far removed from their immigrant origins—were only too willing to agree, preferring to sacrifice education to religion. Thus by tradition Catholic universities in the United States excelled mainly

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in "Thomism and the split-T," Notre Dame being the prime example.

Twenty-five years ago Hesburgh was a professor of theology, and head of Notre Dame's Department of Religion. The legendary Frank Leahy was coach of the Fighting Irish. To outsiders, the university seemed to personify Irish Catholicism at its repressive and anti-intellectual worst, but its partisans proudly extolled Notre Dame as "the Catholic West Point." Returning veterans chafed under the discipline, but few seriously questioned a system that had proved itself by producing generations of remarkably stable, successful and devout alumni.

"Father Ted" himself was a product of "the Catholic ghetto": born of German-Irish parents in 1917; determining to be a priest while still in grade school; and educated only in Catholic schools, including Notre Dame and Rome's Gregorian University. Like many young priests, he wanted to be a missionary, but instead found himself drafted by his religious superiors, first into teaching and then administration. Appointed executive vice president against his will in 1949, he found himself at 32 in line for the presidency of the 107-year-old university.

When Hesburgh took over in 1952, he inherited a university ready for take-off. The great achievement of his predecessor, the Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, had been to persuade the school's congenitally conservative alumni that academic quality was as important as athletic success and that their long-term financial support would be essential to achieve it. Notre Dame's carefully cultivated alumni were to become, in the words of one writer, "a well-spring of cash which makes other schools salivate"; but they would also become a brake on the too rapid reform of "their university." For after all, the words of the most famous fight song in the country did say, "Cheer, cheer for *old* Notre Dame."

The new president was haunted by two memories, those of Knute Rockne and of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Rockne's phenomenal football performances first made Notre Dame a national institution, but Hesburgh was appalled when he called a series of West Coast press conferences and drew only sports writers. Newman's 19th-century "idea of a university" inspired in him a resolve to make Notre Dame, in his words, "America's first truly great Catholic university." Hesburgh soon found himself engaged in a public relations game from which he has never escaped and has always played with consummate skill: denying that Notre Dame ever was simply a football foundry; trying to describe just what a "great Catholic university" would be in reality; soothing alumni fears that the old traditions might be sacrificed, while arguing that some changes might be necessary; insisting that Notre Dame would always be somehow "unique."

Hesburgh the reformer only gradually evolved into Hesburgh the revolutionary. During his first eight years, Notre Dame engaged in a spree of building, which could be seen in the changed campus skyline of 1960. The curriculum was revised; admissions were held down and academic standards raised; faculty salaries rose and the number of Ph.D.s in the teaching ranks increased; religion was made irrelevant to recruitment; and the budget and endowment were more than tripled. But the basic structure and thrust of a Notre Dame education remained unchanged: whatever the new winds in the classroom, the emphasis in student life was still on molding character. Only one thing suffered—and it was enough to get the Irish up in the old grads: football, though it still brought in $500,000 a year, suffered a severe recession under Hesburgh.

But if the decline of Notre Dame's football fortunes profoundly shocked the alumni, it produced tangible dividends for Hesburgh and the university. It made credible Hesburgh's claims that Notre Dame was not a football factory and that academic standards were in fact being upgraded. Beginning with the National Science Foundation, Hesburgh started to get invitations to serve as a member or adviser to foundations and the government —invitations which he accepted with alacrity. If Hesburgh's drive and competence made an impact on the Establishment, exposure to the mainstream of American life made a profound impression on the priest-educator from "the Catholic ghetto." Moving in the top circles of the American academic world, he came to realize just how much of a backwater Catholic higher education had been—a fact which few Catholics even thought about, let alone dared to admit.

Cool and outspoken, Hesburgh has never hesitated to be totally candid when the situation merits it. A decade ago, addressing the National Catholic Educational Asso-

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ciation, he told his colleagues that henceforth "our efforts must be measured against the reality of life on the great American plain. . . . I have no ambition to be a medieval man. . . . It is futile comfort for a Catholic university today to point with pride to the lively intellectuality and critical vitality of the Catholic University of Paris in medieval France. Let the dead bury the dead." When an uproar developed over his frank words, and a cry rose to end "this epidemic of self-criticism" lest it destroy confidence in Catholic education, Hesburgh snapped, "Piety is simply no substitute for scholarly competence."

Back at Notre Dame Hesburgh proclaimed that "academic excellence" would be the abiding goal of his administration, and spelled out in the frankest terms what this might mean:

> Let me say one last thing that may or may not be appreciated. Personally, I desire one quality for Notre Dame: *dedicated excellence* in all the broad educational endeavor that goes on here—intellectually, spiritually, physically. *I would rather see Notre Dame die than be educationally mediocre.* [Emphasis added.] I want Notre Dame men to be competitive with the best in this land and throughout the world: in mind, heart, and soul—and in their spirit of vision and dedication. A spirit less than this, I not only do not want here, I will not abide. We will be the best, or please God, we will cease to exist here.

With these statements Hesburgh took his first steps onto the tightrope where he has since performed what *The New York Times* has called "one of the most spectacular balancing acts in the history of American education." On the one side were the Notre Dame alumni, fierce partisans of the faith and football, whose ideal of a university was defined by memories of the regime of President John O'Hara (he correlated fifty years of football scores with communion statistics; burned sociology and anthropology books he found in the library; and banned both black students and *Time* magazine from the campus). Hesburgh's nightmare was that his program for modernizing "the House that Rockne built" might so alienate its conservative constituency that they would cut off the money and kill his dream.

On the other side were the Notre Dame students, many of whom were attracted by the new emphasis on scholarly excellence, no longer ready to accept unchallenged either the dogma or discipline and no longer content simply to sublimate at athletic contests. Though Hesburgh himself professed to loathe the "iron discipline" that was a 19th-century hangover from Notre Dame's origins as a French-style boarding school, he was reluctant to tinker with a system that was the school's trademark. The result was that the revolution of rising expectations among undergraduates turned into a revolution of rising frustrations —and produced another nightmare for the president.

Teetering between "Catholic" and "university," between alumni and students, Hesburgh was compelled to run a desperate race back and forth across the abyss during the 1960s. If during his first decade his image was that of a bright young pacesetter, sort of a clerical Robert Hutchins, during his second decade he became a man of many faces, often forced to adopt a Mandarin-like strategy of talking in one direction while moving in precisely the opposite. In retrospect his words and deeds seem a mass of contradictions. Pictures come to mind of "Father Ted" insisting that "discipline will always remain a basic part of a Notre Dame education," then gradually yielding to virtually every student demand for liberalization; or vehemently denying that Notre Dame was ever a football factory and then enthusiastically hiring Ara Parseghian; or declaring his personal "vision of the great Catholic university in the world today," and then secularizing Notre Dame; or asserting that he would expel a thousand students before allowing girls in the dorms and then announcing that the school was going coed; or vowing that "Notre Dame will not have its undergraduates making policy decisions," and then granting them membership on nearly every university committee; or proclaiming that Notre Dame will always remain "unique" and then adopting Princeton as its model for development; or arguing that the university should not become politicized and then denouncing the Administration which ordered the Cambodian incursion as "mental midgets."

Yet the incredible fact is that he got away with it, becoming in the process everybody's hero for at least some of the time. Among the many honors and rewards Hesburgh has received are the Medal of Freedom from President Johnson; a "Dear Ted" letter from President Nixon; the Meiklejohn Award of the American Association of University Professors; the Charles Evans Hughes Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews; nearly $90 million from the alumni and foundations; and the continued adulation of his students—who though they tested him severely now wonder whether anyone could ever replace him.

Of course there are a few dissenting voices: the aged member of the Holy Cross order who mourned that Hesburgh is "destroying everything Notre Dame has always stood for"; the members of the Roman Catholic Church's curia who, on learning that Hesburgh had been elected president of the International Federation of Catholic Universities, protested that Notre Dame was no longer a Catholic university; and the old grad who recently wrote in the alumni magazine that "I am proud of the 'old' Notre Dame and feel a deep sense of loss at its passing. . . . Whatever became of the 'For God, Country, and Notre Dame' that was a proud part of the Notre Dame heritage? If that is gone, then let ND close its doors with honor and dignity and preserve a proud prestigious memory rather than continue in the mediocrity to which it is (apparently) headed—and doomed."

University officials dismiss such criticisms as out of touch with the reality of the new Notre Dame. The vast majority of Notre Dame's partisans have become persuaded that Hesburgh's transformation of their university was not only right but necessary, whatever their misgivings about demise of a tradition. Indeed, one of Hesburgh's major achievements was not only the improvement of the education of his students but also the re-education of Notre Dame's alumni. As the walls of the "Irish Catholic ghetto" tumbled in South Bend, the blinders came off the eyes of many of the old grads who were for many years deeply offended by George Shuster, past president of Hunter College, who summed up Hesburgh's achievement as simply this: "He has taken this university into the mainstream of American life."

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Hesburgh is occasionally spoken of as the last of the high-profile college presidents; but might he also be the first of a new breed of low-profile priest-politicians? While the spotlight has focused on the activities of radical Catholic clergymen like the Berrigan brothers, comparatively little public attention has been given to the recent emergence of priests into national politics. Yet a Catholic priest from Massachusetts sits as an elected member of the House of Representatives; and a Jesuit serves as a speech writer in Richard Nixon's White House.

Today, after two decades of leadership at Notre Dame, Hesburgh is only in his mid-50s. His dream of making Notre Dame America's first great Catholic university is not yet accomplished, but a vast distance separates the new Notre Dame of 1972 from the old Notre Dame of 1952. The tightrope act is over, and a more relaxed and mellow Hesburgh is gradually shifting more responsibility to subordinates. He is grooming a potential successor, the Rev. James T. Burtchaell, who has already gained notoriety for his attacks on Papal pronouncements against birth control.

Last year Hesburgh told his visitors that one of the reasons he turned down the various offers he received to head HEW, NASA, and then OEO was that he did not then believe that it was time for a priest to take on such politically sensitive posts. But in the three years since President Nixon's offer, Hesburgh, as chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, has in fact engaged in a running battle with the Administration's "Southern strategy" and suffered no real abuse for his role as priest-politician-teacher. When his term as chairman is up, will he follow his predecessor, Dr. John Hannah, now director of AID, into government administration? Certainly Hesburgh's extraordinary career as priest, educator and public servant has not yet reached its apogee. Now that other low-profile priests have entered government service, and with his work for Notre Dame almost completed, the way may finally be clear for Hesburgh to consider accepting a political post if it is offered by the next administration.

No one, probably not even "Father Ted" himself, knows what Hesburgh's response would be to another offer of a Cabinet-level position. He has already given two decades of his life to Notre Dame, but then he is reputed to have once said, "No man should be president of this university for more than twenty years." □

SOME FACTS ABOUT HOMICIDE

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Chicago

In the violence-conscious past few years, criminal homicide, this ultimate threat to personal security, has received both too much public attention and not enough. Sensational killings receive sustained attention from the news media and the public, but the typical homicide is too typical, its setting too squalidly common, and its participants—both victim and offender—too obscure to seem to merit public attention. Uneven publicity surrounding criminal homicide has led to a number of public misconceptions about the nature of the problem and the risk of criminal killing. Any discussion of the recent increase in homicide in the United States must therefore begin by setting straight a few basic facts.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation estimates that last year there were about 16,000 willful homicides in the United States, or a rate of eight for every 100,000 citizens. That would mean that the average citizen's chance of becoming a victim in any year would be slightly less than one in 10,000, if there were any such thing as an average citizen when discussing the incidence of homicide in the United States. But it is important to note that the risk is very different among different groups in the population. Criminal homicide, like all crimes, occurs far more frequently in dense cities than in suburbs, towns or rural areas. Men are on the average three times as likely to become victims of homicide as women. Overshadowing these differences is the factor of race. Male or female, blacks are about ten times as likely as whites to suffer criminal homicide.

Statistics on homicide offenders are startlingly similar to statistics on the victims. The more likely a particular race, sex or age group to be victimized, the more likely also that it will be overrepresented in the statistics on homicide offenders—only slightly more so. Thus men are killers more than five times as often as women; blacks twelve times as frequently as whites. The similarity between homicide victims and offenders is no accident. Nationally, three out of four killings involve people with some prior relationship or acquaintance—family, friends, lovers, drinking companions, adversaries in argument. Nine out of ten criminal homicides involve a victim and an offender of the same race. In most cases, the offense is an outgrowth of the ordinary life and social relationships of the persons involved. It is also a highly regressive tax, levying both victims and offenders in gross disproportions from the black poor.

Homicide rates do not fluctuate as wildly as do the reported rates of many other crimes; that is in part because the seriousness of the offense makes it likely that it is

Guns and Violence

Franklin E. Zimring is now completing, for early publication in *The Nation*, an article showing that it will be more difficult, and will cost more, to deal with the gun part of the homicide equation than many people have thought.

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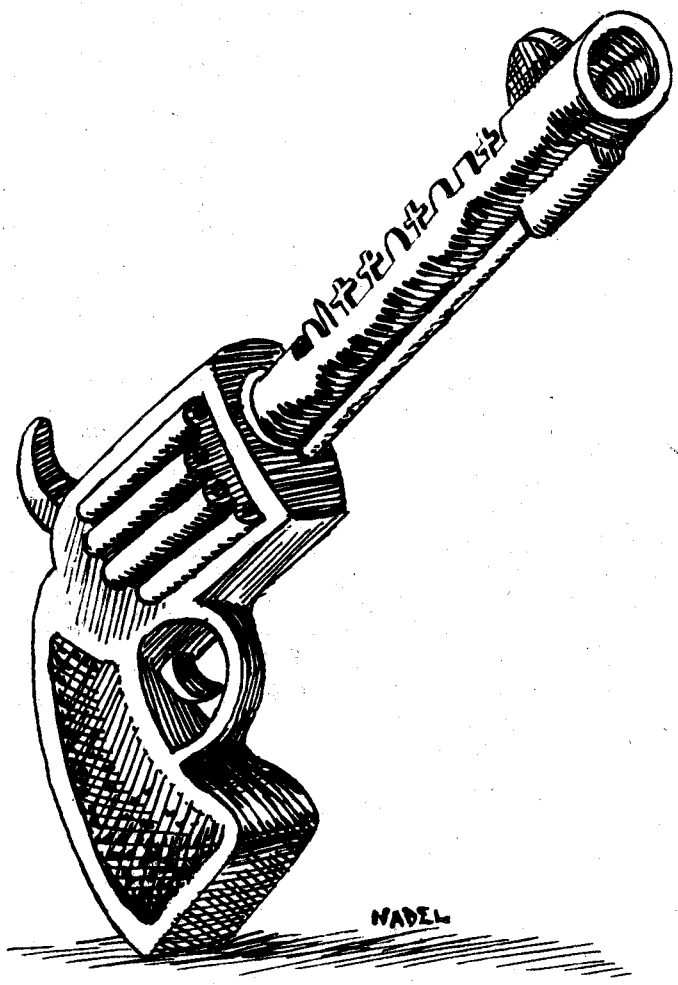

one crime for which police statistics supply a fairly accurate count. The homicide rate does, however, seem to change significantly over periods as long as a decade. The rate of criminal killings was high in the United States during the 1920s and 1930s, decreased during the World War II years, and remained low through the 1950s and early 1960s. Since 1963, the homicide rate has been rising sharply, from 4.5 per 100,000 that year to 7.8 in 1970, an increase of 73 per cent.

In an attempt to explain this increase, Richard Block and I have been studying changes in the pattern of criminal homicide in Chicago, where the rate doubled between 1965 and 1970. Taking 1965, which was an ordinary year in Chicago's homicide experience, as typical of what patterns of homicide had been in the city, we were looking to find out whether the increased number of killings were accompanied by changes in pattern or were simply more of the same. One important similarity between 1965 and 1970 was the continuing difference in relative risks of homicide experienced by blacks and whites, males and females. In 1965 a black man was ten times as likely to be a homicide victim as his white counterpart, and the same was true in 1970, the real difference being that each was twice as likely to become a victim in the latter year. The risk of homicide to males increased somewhat faster than the risk to females. In 1970, as in 1965, nearly nine out of ten homicides involved a victim and offender of the same race.

We also found important changes in the types of homicide. All types of killings increased substantially during the period, but those arising from domestic disputes showed less increase than other kinds of killings, while the number of robbery killings in the city increased four times as fast as all other types. There were thirty-three robbery killings in Chicago during 1965, 8 per cent of the total number of homicides. In 1970 there were 147 robbery killings, 18 per cent of the total. The increase in robbery killings accounts for 27 per cent of the total increase in homicide in Chicago. Also, killings in which the police had reason to believe there was more than one offender increased from thirteen in 1965 to 119 in 1970.

Along with the changes in the number and kinds of killings, the weapons used and the kinds of people involved changed significantly. Homicide by firearms increased 169 per cent between 1965 and 1970—three times as fast as homicide by all other means. But the most striking difference in pattern is the increase in the number of killings of and by black males between the ages of 15 and 24. In this single age group the offense rate per 100,000 increased from 108 in 1965 to 298 in 1970, and the victimization rate of this group rose fourfold—from 54 per 100,000 in 1965 to 193 per 100,000 in 1970.

When these statistics are more carefully analyzed, a significant pattern emerges. Half of the total increase in homicide is attributable to black males between the ages of 15 and 24, a group less than one-thirtieth of Chicago's population. The lethal combination is one of reckless youth, loose affiliations and available guns. In this age group, the number of offenses involving only one offender increased from fifty-nine in 1965 to 139 in 1970, or 136 per cent. The number of offenses involving more than one offender increased from thirteen in 1965 to 119 in 1970, or about ninefold. Whether this means that "gang" killings are the important contributor to the increase in homicide is, at most, problematic, for the inference from "more than one offender" to "gang membership" must be a matter of evidence and proof rather than mere attribution.

And the role of guns? In this single age group, homicide by all means other than firearms increased 69 per cent while gun killings increased 444 per cent. These are not the only changes that are taking place in Chicago, and not the sole explanation for the increase in the homicide rate, but the combination of youth groups and guns is by far the most important set of changes that Chicago has experienced, and understanding that can help one understand many of the other changes in pattern.

One of these is the alarming increase in robbery-murder, noted above. Robbery killings are particularly frightening because, unlike most homicides, they do not involve a victim and offender who are previously acquainted, they are frequently interracial, and they inject an element of fear into activities such as conducting a small business and walking the streets. Robbery killings by all groups other than black males between the ages of 15 to 24 increased from fifteen in 1965 to twenty-five in 1970. In that 15-to-24 age group, the number increased from eleven in 1965 to ninety in 1970.

Is the "Chicago pattern" consistent with a national

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trend? We cannot answer the question decisively, because the published statistics on nationwide homicide are not as detailed as the information we gathered in Chicago. There are, however, indications that at least two elements of the youth groups-guns equation have national significance. FBI statistics show that, since 1963, homicide arrests of persons 15 to 24 have increased about twice as much as arrests of persons 25 and older. One should not, of course, confuse arrest with guilt, but there is a direct relationship between them. And the same statistics show that gun homicide has increased 124 per cent since 1963, while killing by all other means has increased 48 per cent. Whether the other symptoms of Chicago's new homicide problem are also of national significance is not yet known, but there is reason to believe so.

There is no reason to suppose that homicide rates will continue to rise as dramatically as they have in the past few years. They have risen rapidly in the past only to subside, and it is at least as likely as not that rates will begin to level off in the near future. Yet the situation is too serious to be allayed by historical perspective.

Unfortunately, identifying problems is less complex than finding solutions. If the current wave of violent killing is attributable to younger offenders, how best to reduce violence? Apart from massive social reconstruction, relatively few options are available to promote nonviolence in ghetto neighborhoods. More effective policing can help some; but much, even most, of criminal violence takes place beyond police range, and more aggressive policing may bring additional problems to the inner city.

The contributory role of firearms, most importantly handguns, in the modern homicide problem deserves special attention. Guns contribute to the death toll from assault because they increase by a factor of four the chances that death will result from the typical assault that leads to homicide—that is to say that 100 gun attacks kill five times as many victims as 100 knife attacks made by the same kinds of people in the same circumstances. When this fact is related to the dramatic increase in gun use over the past few years, it suggests that reversing the trend will help reduce the death rate from homicide.

But how to get guns off city streets and out of the hands of the young? The boom in gun attacks we found in Chicago persists in spite of some city, state and national gun legislation in the late 1960s, and it is undoubtedly true that an epidemic of handgun carrying and use is easier to start than to finish, in part because crimes inspire fear and dispose civilians to arm themselves. It appears that handgun controls are difficult to apply with great selectivity —taking guns away from one group, or the residents of one city, will not effect much benefit as long as rates of general handgun ownership increase; and rates of ownership have increased in the past six years. At the same time, the data from Chicago tell us that effective controls appear to be an indispensable part of any rational approach to our present inflated rate of violent killing. □

QUEST FOR COMMUNITY

MIXED HOUSING IN THE SUBURBS

JAMES L. HECHT
Mr. Hecht, by profession a research scientist, has been active in efforts to achieve a more open society. His Because It Is Right: Integration in Housing *is published by Little, Brown.*

Festering slums, the polarization of American society, and the increasing shortage of housing for families with moderate incomes were not caused by the policies of President Nixon; but they became his responsibility—and he turned his back upon them.

Historians will be unkind to the President for not opposing the current attempts by some members of Congress to eliminate school bussing for racial integration. If such efforts succeed, our current drift toward an urban apartheid will be accelerated. Equally disappointing are the Nixon Administration's housing policies. The problems of our cities, and the divisions in our society, cannot be solved unless there is residential integration in suburban areas. However, in December 1970 the President declared that his Administration would never use federal power "for forced integration of the suburbs," and he confirmed that position in June 1971 with an 8,000-word policy statement which declared, "We will not seek to impose economic integration."

Viewed in its entirety, the President's statement is self-defeating. Having observed that, on the matter of achieving open communities and an open society, "We cannot afford to fail," he then charted a course which, with rare exceptions, is bound to fail.

Mr. Nixon abdicates responsibility in the matter of housing because he fears overwhelming opposition to what would be called "forced integration." Integration in housing is probably the most sensitive political issue in the country today. Every Democrat of national stature avoided comment on the President's policy statement.

There was a way that Mr. Nixon could have met the needs of the country, yet probably not suffered at the polls, but in order to understand what the President should have done, one must first have in mind the other paradoxes which concern racial and economic integration in housing.

¶Mr. Nixon correctly distinguished between economic integration and racial integration, but failed to acknowledge that they are inextricably linked. Racial integration will require economic integration; and, ironically, the ability of the nation to provide adequate housing even for *whites* has become dependent on racial integration.

¶Although racial integration in housing is one of Amer-

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ica's most important goals, organized efforts to attain it are receiving little support.

¶The President has a better equal-opportunity-in-housing record than do some governors who are supported by blacks, but the Administration's activities hardly carry out the President's pledge that "We will be vigorous in enforcing . . . that there not be housing discrimination on grounds of race."

¶Many liberals, who in other areas of social concern are disinclined to use punitive methods, have failed to recognize that the carrot will produce more low- and moderate-income housing in the suburbs than will the stick.

As the President noted in his June statement, racial discrimination violates federal law, but economic discrimination at present does not. However, current litigation may lead to a court decision that it is unconstitutional to exclude low-income residents from an *entire* community by zoning restrictions that prevent multifamily dwelling and establish minimum sizes for houses or lots. A case filed by the NAACP in Oyster Bay, N.Y., raises this constitutional question.

The ban on racial discrimination will hardly convert America into a truly "open" society. Since 1968 it has been a violation of federal law to discriminate in the sale or rental of any housing because of race. Many states and cities also have fair housing laws. But making a practice unlawful does not necessarily stop it. For example, fornication is illegal in forty-eight states, and laws pertaining to gambling, narcotics and highway safety do not entirely achieve their ends. Similarly, in many communities, particularly in the South, fair housing laws have been virtually ignored.

But laws demanding racial equality, even if enforced, would not provide equality in fact. Few blacks are willing to move into essentially all-white neighborhoods. They are aware that many Negroes who have made such moves, even in the recent past, have encountered acts of terrorism or harassment, and most have experienced painful incidents. In addition, a black family in an all-white neighborhood may feel isolated.

Thus, while white areas tend to have better educational opportunities and community services than do Negro neighborhoods, these advantages are outweighed in the minds of many blacks by the drawbacks, real and imagined. A 1968 University of Michigan study, based on interviews with 5,000 Negroes in fifteen cities, found that only about 1 per cent preferred to live in a white neighborhood. However, the reluctance of blacks to live in all-white neighborhoods does not mean that they want to be in all-black ones. The University of Michigan researchers found that 86 per cent of blacks preferred an integrated neighborhood (i.e., the majority white, but with sizable numbers of blacks).

It is for these reasons that low- and moderate-income housing developments in the suburbs are essential to effect racial integration. Most blacks can afford only housing in those price ranges, and because such developments comprise a new neighborhood, neither white nor black, Negroes feel easy about moving into them. Such developments, in turn, will stimulate movement to the suburbs by the ever increasing Negro middle class.

Another item of great importance, which the President neglected in his message, is the increasing shortage of housing for all Americans. During the past several years new housing construction has fallen almost a million units per year short of the national goal of 2.6 million units set by Congress in 1968 to meet the needs of an expanding population. One reason for this deficit, although by no means the only one, is the unavailability of sites suitable for low- and moderate-income housing. Many such sites still exist in the suburbs, but zoning rules them out. As a result, not only are factory workers, policemen, clerks and schoolteachers frequently unable to live in the communities where they work, but long-term residents are forced to move away from their relatives and friends when they retire.

How important a national goal is integrated housing? HUD Secretary George Romney once said, "This problem is the most important one that America has ever faced, is now facing and will ever face, bar none." He made the statement at a meeting in 1970 with officials from Warren, Mich., who had come to Washington to oppose HUD's plans to build low- and moderate-income housing in their city, and Romney may have overstated the case. But not by much.

Most Americans know that ghetto life is a cruel cycle, perpetuating the problems of the Negro, but few understand how bad the realities are. Because of heavy demand for a limited supply of housing, blacks usually pay more than whites for comparable quarters. In Chicago, this "color tax" has been estimated at $20 per month. The overcrowding of black neighborhoods makes it more difficult to improve them socially and physically; the unavailability of housing in suburban areas limits job opportunities. Less apparent, but of enormous importance, is the effect of segregation on the black man's attitude toward himself and toward society, and the handicaps the resulting alienation impose.

However, racial separation is not the crisis it is today because of these inequities—they were worse in the past. But now we are in danger of locking our entire society into a divided America.

The report of the Kerner Commission publicized what demographers already knew and the 1970 census confirmed—that while affluent white suburbs were growing rapidly, many of America's major cities were becoming bankrupt black enclaves. Between 1960 and 1970 the black population of Baltimore increased from 35 to 46 per cent; in Chicago it jumped from 23 to 33 per cent; in Detroit from 29 to 44 per cent; in Philadelphia from 26 to 34 per cent. Unless the trend is halted, many reading this article will see the day when the polarization is complete for these and most other major American cities.

Many blacks and some whites consider this trend desirable, reasoning that the political power which will thus accrue to blacks will help them achieve a greater measure of equality. However, there are at least two other considerations which suggest that full equality will occur only when there is residential integration.

First, it is unlikely that a predominantly white America will vote to furnish black areas with the large sums necessary to eliminate the existing disparities in educa-

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tion, police protection, housing and health services. General dissatisfaction with tax increases to meet the rising costs of government services will further stiffen the resistance of whites to disproportionate aid for a geographically separate Negro minority.

Second, a close relationship exists between racial integration and the ability of blacks to advance in the large organizations which, to an increasing extent, provide the better paying jobs in the nation. Those who function well within organizations seldom have large cultural differences from their superiors. As a result, blacks who have lived all their lives in ghettos will be at a disadvantage in the white-dominated organizations where most of them must work. Black-controlled businesses may grow, but it is fantasy to think of black-dominated corporations manufacturing automobiles, computers or steel.

Since racial and economic integration of housing is so important, why does it have so little support? One reason that blacks do not rally to this cause is that they are reluctant to become committed to a goal which they fear cannot be achieved. Blacks are cynical about whites abandoning their racism. Their leaders, in many cases, fail to push harder for integration because they are preoccupied by the urgent need to make immediate improvements in the quality of life in the ghetto. The self-interest of black politicians is served by meeting the short-term demands of their constituents, and most blacks expect to live in black communities for some time to come.

Macpherson (Toronto Star)

Few whites are concerned. Those who are find "gilding the ghetto" a far less controversial enterprise than moving blacks into the neighborhoods of mainstream America.

Putting aside for a moment the question of economic discrimination, the failure of fair housing laws to end racially discriminatory practices stems partly from the timidity with which government bureaucracies move in areas of high political sensitivity, and partly from the insufficient resources allocated to enforcement. The result is that the federal government does not support most black families who try to get existing housing in white neighborhoods. Less than 5 per cent of the blacks who in 1970 filed discrimination complaints with HUD obtained the housing they originally wanted.

Lack of staff is an important reason for this ineffectiveness. Proper enforcement of fair housing laws requires rapid action by white testers to determine if there was discrimination; by lawyers and agency officials to end discrimination, and by public relations people to make known that the law is being enforced. But HUD and the Justice Department have fewer than 100 people working to enforce the law. Until the federal budget for fair housing is increased from its present level of $2 million to between $10 million and $20 million a year, the President's pledge of vigorous enforcement will be unkept.

However, only a small part of increased fair housing expenditures should go to enlarge the staffs of HUD and the Justice Department. Most of it should be used to support private local organizations which see that the law is enforced, and which could be easily disbanded when their job was done.

There are excellent precedents for government support of local fair housing organizations. HUD is currently funding a fair housing group in Chicago, the Leadership Council for Metropolitan Open Communities. In a little more than three years, the council has filed some 150 law suits —more than the federal government has brought in the entire country—and won about 80 per cent of them. A New York City fair housing organization, Operation Open City, at one time funded by OEO, in three years directly assisted 2,500 families to find housing.

Some $10 million to $20 million a year is not an exorbitant amount to spend from the vast federal budget to enforce fair housing laws. And vigorous enforcement not only will make housing opportunities more nearly equal, and minimize the almost indescribable degradation of those who suffer discrimination, but also will pave the way for acceptance of low- and moderate-income housing in the suburbs. Suburbanites recognize that such housing will attract blacks to their communities, and fear of blacks is a major reason for resistance. However, after some blacks live in a suburban community, residents are generally much less fearful of getting more. The reaction to blacks moving into previously all-white neighborhoods was well summarized by a Denver realtor whom no one has ever called a civil rights activist: "You find out the world doesn't come to an end. People begin to say 'What the hell is so bad about that?' "

But suburbanites are unhappy about low- and moderate-income housing for reasons other than race. For one thing, their financial concerns are real. Since community services are financed largely by property taxes, new housing units which fall below the average in value will increase taxes for existing housing if community services are maintained. Money is also a concern to owners of property close to a proposed new development of low- and moderate-income housing; they fear property values will decline.

But if money is a problem, it also can offer a solution.

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Appropriate federal subsidies, if made attractive enough, will cause most communities to build their "share." Such subsidies would logically include money for schools and other community services in direct proportion to the number of housing units built. Another effective subsidy would be community development grants for recreational facilities adjacent to housing developments in order to enhance the value of nearby properties.

The use of subsidies to motivate voluntary actions toward national goals has been standard procedure in the United States for a long time. The land given to homesteaders to encourage settlement of the West was an early example. Today, home ownership is encouraged by federal tax deductions and long-term federally guaranteed loans.

As a means to encourage construction of low- and moderate-income housing in the suburbs, incentive grants directly related to such construction have important advantages over the withholding of grants not related to housing—the concept rejected by President Nixon. Offering something to people who follow a desired course of action is much more palatable than threatening to take something away. Another advantage of incentive grants is that they can be made generous; many communities do not lose much money by turning their backs on the HUD grants currently available. Further still, a program involving sanctions is far more difficult to administer than is one that distributes incentives proportional to units built.

Incidentally, the use of such incentives does not preclude the negative pressure of withholding other federal grants, and Secretary Romney has stated that "communities which actively pursue the expansion of housing opportunities have an advantage in the competition for limited program dollars."

Another suburban worry is that when some inexpensive housing is permitted, a great deal more will follow. However, this concern dissipates if most of the communities in a metropolitan area agree to build low- and moderate-income housing and then, by mutual agreement, allocate the required units.

This type of agreement was made in 1970 in the metropolitan Dayton area. As a result of superb local leadership, twenty-six municipalities agreed to take a share of the 14,000 units needed over the next four years. The federal government can help other metropolitan areas to such agreements by providing sufficient funds for regional planning agencies and subsidy grants to those which make such agreements and carry them out.

Resistance to low- and moderate-income housing also arises from fear that the community will change—that the schools will function less effectively, crime will increase, neighborhoods will physically deteriorate. There are valid assurances to allay such fears:

¶A community reflects the values and mores of the majority of residents. As long as the low- and moderate-income housing units are a distinct minority (less than 30 per cent), the new residents will not effect much change in the community.

¶The low- and moderate-income families who move to middle-class communities will generally be upwardly mobile families who hunger for a better life for themselves and their children. As a result, what little effect they do have on the community may very well be for the better.

¶Before we had superhighways, communities by necessity were economically heterogeneous. And it worked out well.

By now what Mr. Nixon ought to have done should be apparent. Instead of passing the responsibility to local governments, poorly equipped to handle the problem even when they have the foresight and courage to try, he should have come forward with requests to meet the needs—$10 million more a year for fair housing, and a subsidy program large enough to get the requisite housing built.

A subsidy program, to be effective, will require hundreds of millions of dollars a year. But the only real cost is the small amount of money spent on administration. The remainder is only a redistribution of tax dollars, so that communities are not penalized economically for opening their doors to the less affluent. The economic gains to be expected include billions of dollars pumped into the economy by the increase in housing starts, and the taxes derived from this stimulation.

While the President has failed therefore to take the lead, Congress may give him another opportunity. Bills to provide subsidies to communities which build low- and moderate-income housing have been introduced into both houses of Congress. Senators Javits and Ribicoff have offered different bills which include such a component. Probably the most important pending legislation is that introduced in July by the House Banking and Currency Committee's Housing subcommittee. It calls for metropolitan housing agencies to plan for metropolitan areas, and state housing agencies to serve the remaining areas within the state. The housing agencies would allocate incentive grants which would average $1,500 per unit; communities could receive as much as $3,000 for each unit of housing built.

If this bill or a similar one picks up enough support in Congress, the President eventually will have to take a position. At that time he would do well to weigh what Senator Ribicoff said when he introduced his bill: "The people of this country have a reservoir of common sense and decency and a great desire in these days of turbulence for reasonable, responsible leadership. Such leadership will not be found by consulting the latest public opinion polls. . . ."

A good example of such leadership directed at an explosive racial issue was the endorsement of a federal civil rights bill covering public accommodations by Ivan Allen, Jr., in 1963 the Mayor of Atlanta. Mayor Allen was the only Southern political leader of any stature who publicly supported the bill—and he did so against the advice of Atlanta's black leadership, who feared that the gesture would cost him the next election. But two years later Allen won a smashing victory with 70 per cent of the vote.

Politics is, of course, a profession of calculated risks, and Mr. Nixon might be hurt by supporting effective measures to increase integration. But not to take that gamble is to risk the complete polarization of our society and the utter decay of our cities. Would Mr. Nixon want to be remembered for that? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

To the Far Side of the Abyss

POST-SCARCITY ANARCHISM. *By Murray Bookchin. Ramparts Press. 288 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.45.*

TODD GITLIN
Mr. Gitlin, a former president of SDS, is co-author of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago, *and editor of* Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from the Movement.

We would be good
Instead of rude
But circumstance
Won't have it so.

Brecht only put to verse the dirge that accompanies the Socialist tradition. Whether as excuse or rationale, whether in sadness or glee, whether consciously or otherwise, many Socialists have defended for a century the proposition that the revolutionary process and the new society require hierarchy and domination. After the seizure of power comes the new state, instrument of proletarian dictatorship: above the revolutionary mass sits the state, above it the party, above that the Central Committee, and ordinarily above that a single man; the rest of society's institutions fit the same mold.

There is, of course, a contrary revolutionary tradition, winding around the history of socialism like a vine. Anarchists since Bakunin, and Socialists like Rosa Luxemburg, have argued that Socialist authoritarianism serves to justify the incipient power of a new ruling class, and that the object of revolution is not the seizure of power but its dissolution. But authoritarian Socialists have responded with great effect: the state is necessary to secure the new society against internal or external counterrevolution; the working class, since it grew up surrounded by bourgeois consciousness, has narrow, particularistic interests counterposed to the interests of the society as a whole, and must be "forced to be free"; or else the revolutionary society must be regimented for the long march toward economic development. To which the anarchists have opposed commemorative paeans to the native revolutionary spirit of the masses, whether the Parisian *sans culottes*, the Kronstadt sailors or the Spanish peasants. But the anarchist critique has always been essentially voluntaristic: Look, the people don't need the state, don't need hierarchy, if they organize themselves to conduct their own affairs. The two arguments have never quite met, and the authoritarian Marxists have usually had the last word, claiming that humanity is only free to choose the fortune that the tea leaves of history have foreordained. Perhaps because they were not interested, the anarchists have not developed a theory which would make *them* the legatees of history.

But now Murray Bookchin insists that the authoritarian Socialist position has been eroded by that very course of history which the Socialists thought they had appropriated. Far from being ahistorical or utopian, Bookchin argues, anarchism, or anarcho-communism, has become *the* logical consequence of world history, and the only credible alternative to the destruction of the planet. For as his title implies, the "historic rationale" or "validation" of authoritarianism has been the scarcity of those goods which humankind needs and values. "Any society that could promise little more materially than equality of poverty invariably engendered deep-seated tendencies to restore a new system of privilege." But now scarcity, and its political consequences, are obsolete. "A century ago, scarcity had to be endured; today, it has to be enforced—hence the importance of the state in the present era." All previous revolutions were merely "particularistic," but no alternative was ripe until now. On these premises Bookchin rests the essays—previously published as pamphlets and as articles in the journal *Anarchos*—in this book.

Let me say before going any further that his book is in many places exciting and might even be seminal. It is the closest thing I've seen to a vision both practical and transcendent. Anyone who wants to make revolution in this country should read it and reckon with it. We have so little theory, from any tradition, that speaks directly to the contemporary situation; Bookchin has occupied a vacuum, and rather deserves his singularity, which stands out vividly against the background of traditional anarchism.

In the first place, Bookchin refuses to hark back to a golden age of primitive communism as a standard by which a contemporary revolution should be judged. One of his most original essays, "Toward a Liberatory Technology," gathers much evidence that decentralization of political power actually *requires* advanced technology. Cybernation makes possible the abolition of toil, and thus the integration of the individual. Steady-state power sources, sun, water, and wind, could supply the energy for subsistence and small-scale production. (Surprisingly, Bookchin does not consider mass communications, which, if converted to multiple transmission and receiving, could make planning and decision making infinitely more democratic.) In all these instances, capitalism perverts and retards the use of the technology which is its primary achievement.

Secondly, Bookchin is an ecologist (he published two books on the subject long before the craze), and his apocalyptic alternative to anarchist revolution is not Marx's "barbarism" or nuclear war but ecological death of the planet. Capitalism necessarily destroys the environment as it pursues production for the sake of production and growth for the sake of growth. Unlike most ecologists, though, Bookchin points to the connection between man's domination of nature and man's domination of man and woman; historically the two developed together, and Bookchin argues they can only be eliminated together. The happy historical confluence between humanity's social needs and the needs of the planet places Bookchin in the enviable and probably justifiable position of having his revolutionary cake and eating it too.

It is a curious circumstance that post-scarcity possibilities coexist with the chance of the most terrifying scarcity in history, the exhaustion of usable resources, but Bookchin is not baffled by the contradiction. His knowledge of resource-saving technology keeps him from being entranced by the prospect of global doom. "Ecology and Revolutionary Thought," written in 1965, is the courting if not the marriage of two concerns that must, as Bookchin says, be considered one. Both the ecologist and the revolutionist should read it and find common ground.

Otherwise, Bookchin's essays are essentially updatings of the traditional anarchist stance. There is some history in them, not nearly enough, but perhaps that omission is outweighed by Bookchin's contemporaneity. The essential argument, parallel to a Marxist's, is that the core institutions of bourgeois life—the modern city, state, technology, central labor organization, bureaucracy, family

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—are played out. Whatever functions they once performed are no longer practical, even by bourgeois standards, certainly not by ecological standards, and only the "impractical" is now possible. Where Bookchin parts company with the authoritarian Marxists is in his insistence that the new order already embryonic in the womb of the old society must be decentralist and anti-hierarchical, and that "a libertarian society can be achieved only by a libertarian revolution."

But like any good Marxist he is driven to discover a revolutionary agency within the society. For him that agency is "literally the great majority of society," foreshadowed by the "decomposition" of traditional classes into a "non-class" of the anti-authoritarian and dropout young. We are now living through a prerevolutionary enlightenment in which intimations of an unalienated, integrated life are displacing the established codes; new needs are eating away at the institutions which cannot meet them. At least half a dozen times Bookchin points to the diffusion of youth culture among young workers as an omen of increasing post-scarcity consciousness. His "Listen, Marxist," which has achieved a certain notoriety among former SDS activists, is the clearest critique extant of the ideas of those sects into which SDS disintegrated, and I suspect one of the reasons is that Bookchin himself has been a Marxist and understands the need "not to 'abandon' Marxism or to 'annul' it but to transcend it dialectically. . . ."

His own dialectic takes him to an image of a revolution which is unprecedented in that it will not reverse the power of one class over another, but eliminate it.

> The problems of necessity and survival have become congruent with the problems of freedom and life. They cease to require any theoretical mediation, "transitional" stages, to bridge the gap between the existing and the possible. The possible, in fact, is all that can exist. Hence, the problems of "transition," which occupied the Marxists for nearly a century, are eliminated not only by the advance of technology, but by the social dialectic itself.

But perhaps that citation illuminates the weaknesses of Bookchin's approach—weaknesses that I believe can be overcome, but at this moment remain weaknesses. Bookchin, like Marcuse, is more a Hegelian than a Marxist, and thus inclines toward ethereal (though holistic) formulations of "tendencies" which "reveal themselves" in this or that trend. Many of his propositions, like the one quoted, dangle in tantalizing abstraction, and it is often hard to tell whether Bookchin is simply vague or actually masking confusion with historical certitude. His counterposing of catalyst against "vanguard" as the role of the conscious revolutionary needs explaining. What exactly constitutes catalysis? Aside from organizing in affinity groups, how do we proceed? How can the post-scarcity consciousness of the revolutionary young encounter the scarcity consciousness of most of the rest of the Americans? Given the penetration of bourgeois ideas into our consciousness, how, concretely, do we leap over "transition"?

Another flaw is overextrapolation, indeed overcelebration of revolutionary moments. An example: he argues that all that prevented the French workers from making the revolution in May-June 1968 was their unwillingness to operate the factories they had seized, and their inability to secure arms to protect their expropriations. Yet the alacrity with which the workers left the factories and marched back to Gaullism and the reformism of the Communist Party is not wholly explained by the failure of the revolutionary groups to pose an alternative. He makes much of the widely quoted students' graffiti, and from them concludes that the entire failed revolution was animated by the spirit of transcendent anarcho-communism. But what are we to make of a spirit that exhausts itself so quickly? Another example: the responsibility of a revolutionary America toward the developing Third World is disposed of too easily. If the entire world went suddenly and simultaneously Socialist, what should happen to the American standard of living? Bookchin, like too many other theorists, is too easily satisfied with *assertions* rather than empirically grounded arguments. (We badly need a worldwide input-output analysis to indicate, sector by sector, the consumer's dependency on the exploitation of Third World labor, and an understanding of Socialist economic development which would indicate the responsibility of the advanced countries to the Third World, in terms of capital, labor and technology. Without this empirical grasp, we are reduced to slogans and impulses.) Another: his celebration of youth culture, virtually to a point of (Charles) Reichian fantasy. Here as elsewhere Bookchin places great weight on a scatter of facts and hunches which will not by themselves support his summaries. One trouble is that the book is not sufficiently systematic. Bookchin's ideas are provocative, even stirring enough to have warranted rewriting into a continuous essay—which might also have eliminated his annoying repetition of ideas and even, at times, metaphors.

Finally, Bookchin writes, "Our language must also be liberated," but he has not climbed out of the rhetorical trap. I tire of "mediation," "spontaneity," "authenticity," "selfhood," relationships which are "open, unalienated and creative." Of course I can intuit the meanings, but I could have used more help in defining these concepts in all their richness. For all Bookchin's appreciation of "the miraculous," for all his desire to unite poetry and revolution, there is too little that is either miraculous or poetic about his language. And yet the book is frequently inspiring and evocative—a tribute, I suppose, to the power of Bookchin's ideas, shrouded though they are in the jargon of a century's dialectics.

As we make our way across the abyss on the political tightrope, a world to win on the other side and a world to lose on our way, we need Bookchin's hope founded on concrete knowledge. The abyss is at least a century old, a

MISHIMA

Now there's a beautiful body,
the muscle mounds, the floral abdominal hair.
He's going to enter it from the wrong side.
Won't he miss it, won't he miss it?

A storyteller turns himself inside out
like the late painter spilling his reds.
Private soldier, he gets a sword in his privates,
two phones off the hook and two heads on the floor.

In the final sensation of being wrong
he asks, Lend a helping hand:
that is the office of the General.

If he swerves, will quake, sea,
or fire have the right to take him?

There must be a joy beyond giving and receiving.

Sandra McPherson

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catastrophic gulf between "utopian" and "scientific" possibilities. Bookchin is trying to tell us that there is another side to the abyss that makes the trip worthwhile. If he has not wholly dispelled the fog that obscures our vision, he has at least made our vision imaginable. Shapes loom in the distance, dim shapes but shapes nevertheless of our practical desire. Now that we sense that revolution is not fated to repeat the dismal cycle of hope and disappointment, it is time indeed to lend "all power to the imagination." The imperfection of Bookchin's project, exciting as it is, is a sign of how far we still have to go. □

Vibrations from Vietnam

COMING HOME. *By George Davis. Random House. 208 pp. $5.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

This is George Davis' first novel. It is also one of the few novels about the Vietnamese War, and one of the *very* few novels written about that war by a black man. Though there are scenes in Washington, D.C., and Schenectady Falls, N.Y., the main setting is an Air Force base in Thailand, and the principal actors are fighter pilots, black and white, who fly sorties against an enemy they never see.

Such a subject, of course, is a mine of "important themes": The war is one more manifestation of white American racism. The American presence in Southeast Asia debases the ancient culture and people. The military reflects the persistent white prejudice against blacks. The war brutalizes the American civilians sent to fight, notably the pilots who seldom think about the human beings torn and burned by their bombs and napalm.

The kinds of situations Davis presents are also more or less what we expect, given the subject. Husbandless wives back home are tempted to infidelity. Seemingly solid engagements are made tenuous by separation. Military authorities eagerly root out communism where it doesn't exist.

The characters, too, reflect the strains of war and racism. James Childress, a black pilot, reacts to his role with amoral cynicism, hating whites, hating the war, resenting other blacks, founding his identity on his sexual prowess. Stacy is an all-American white boy who determines to stay a virgin until he returns home to marry his high school sweetheart. He supports the war because he has been taught that Americans never run away from a fight. Ben Williams came into the Air Force as a white black man with a Harvard B.A., but he begins to brood over his complicity in murder and decides never to fly again. And Lieutenant Colonel Milligan rides his airplane and drops his bombs with all the chauvinist fatuousness of the bomber pilot in *Dr. Strangelove.*

We also get a lot of detail about the individual processes of the war, an updating of the familiar World War II radio chatter between the pilots in flight, descriptions of bombing raids, conversations in the Vietnamese War's own slang, and accounts of what the officers do in Thai cities and villages in their off hours. So on the face of it, Davis seems to be breaking no new ground. He draws for us the old familiar lines—social, racial, moral, literary. However undesirable some of these lines are, their persistence suggests a measure of stability and clarity, a recognizable world. But sometimes, when we are concentrating upon the obvious, out of the corner of our eye we catch a movement. Unsure as to what it is, we turn to check and it's gone. The sensation is that of the lines blurring at the edge of our vision, running like ink on a wet page. I'm not sure what this is, but it is something, and it produces a chilling effect of the unknown.

It may be that in attempting to formulate from his own experience the meaning of the war for both whites and blacks, Davis struck a strange new dimension, one we would expect to find explicit in the sentences of Kurt Vonnegut or the scenes of Stanley Kubrick, but not even implicit in the neo-realism of *Coming Home.* This inadvertent penetration makes his novel a conundrum, and results in an effect stranger than that of Vonnegut or Kubrick because it is so unexpected. The reader's impression of the lives entangled in this war is one of vast confusion: moral, social, political and military.

All of Davis' characters are troubled by known forces—separation, war, race,

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
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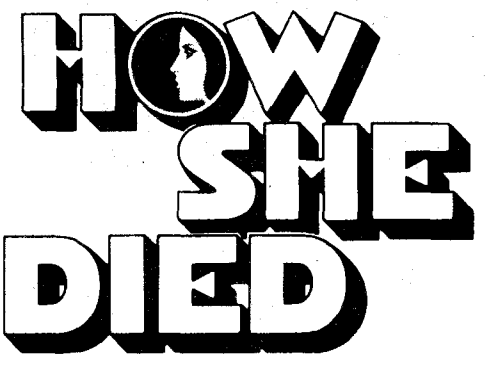

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social status. But through all of their actions, thoughts, and words, runs an uneasiness deeper than these problems, an uneasiness whose source Davis never clarifies. Probably he can't. Probably he doesn't know himself, for the feeling I'm speaking of is intuitive. What can be said very generally is that the cause of this uneasiness is a frightening dissolution of old categories of perception and existence which the war has not caused but has given us some hints of. It's as if Davis has detected a trembling beneath the crust of our society signaling an earthquake.

I can't document this feeling, though one gets hints of it in the character of Stacy, white, true blue, frightened relier upon the sturdiness of the old lines. Beneath his prejudices and his convictions lies a counter impulse which eludes his conscious, rational mind. He puzzles himself when he volunteers to room with Childress and Williams, for he has never been an advocate of racial equality. He does not "reform" in the novel. In the end, afraid that his girl friend, a Northern "Sister Ann," is going to sleep with Childress, he becomes more of a chauvinist than he was in the beginning. Yet, even at his patriotic worst, we feel a vague sympathy for and identity with him. "It's lonely being a white man, too," he laments to one of his black roommates. "I mean growing up to be one. You don't know which way to turn sometimes."

This may be the key sentence of the novel, which in its banal simplicity applies to all the people in the book and expresses the uncertainty that threatens to shake even the most assured. Like animals smelling danger, Davis' characters sense some dread upheaval—and react in terms of the old categories, which are hopelessly ineffectual.

Yet, this is not an ambitious novel. It certainly is not a great one. It is self-consciously literary. It is clearly the work of a young man. And often the technique of the interior monologue results in characters who are cardboard stereotypes. Even so, this is one of the few novels I have read recently in which I have faintly perceived a subliminal stirring. I wonder what George Davis will produce next, for he *seems* to be attuned to those vibrations that announce to the privileged what is to come. □

It's Only a Beginning

THE FRENCH STUDENT UPRISING: November 1967-June 1968. *By Alain Schnapp and Pierre Vidal-Naquet. Beacon Press. 654 pp. $17.50.*

DANIEL SINGER
Mr. Singer has lived in Paris since 1958, working as correspondent first of The Economist *and now the* New Statesman. *He is the author of the recent* Prelude to Revolution: France in May 1968 *(Hill & Wang).*

Nearly four years have elapsed since that merry month of May when France and the whole world were taken aback by a sudden and momentous upheaval. Was it a historical aberration, an echo of the past, or was it a prelude, a portent of the future? After the storm, the landscape often looks unchanged. With asphalt covering the cobblestones of the Latin Quarter, with Pompidou presiding over a bourgeois society that has recovered its hierarchical order, the answer seems obvious. The timid, the skeptical, the spokesmen of the Establishment can once again preach with apparent confidence. Yet, there is a note of apprehension in their renewed arrogance.

The American public can now join in the argument over the meaning of the French May crisis with circumstantial evidence at its disposal. By far the best collection of documents—the labor of love of two historians, Alain Schnapp and Pierre Vidal-Naquet—is now available in an excellent English translation by Maria Jolas. The American version differs slightly from the French original. Some texts have been dropped. Professor Vidal-Naquet, on the other hand, has expanded his stimulating introduction, which not only explains specific French features (the anachronistic educational structure, the administrative centralism, the heritage of the struggle against the Algerian war) but also tries to link the French student revolt with similar movements from Berkeley or Columbia to Berlin, Rome and Warsaw.

Having studied thousands of pamphlets and programs, of Utopian manifestoes and pragmatic proposals for reform, the authors finally picked 232 texts as most significant or symptomatic. Each document is put in its context by an introduction and supplemented, when appropriate, by footnotes. The reader can thus concentrate on individual aspects without losing sight of the whole.

The authors take us back to Nanterre, where it all began—the campus in suburban Paris facing a shantytown—and to the now famous cycle of exemplary action-repression-solidarity. Texts such as "Why Sociologists?" show clearly that the inspirers of the Nanterre movement were consciously rejecting their prescribed role in society. Yet even they could not imagine what process they were setting in motion. The story gathers momentum on May 3, when the Sorbonne was taken over by the police, and students, instead of signing petitions, spontaneously struck back. There followed ten days that shook more than the French academic world. Each demonstration was bigger than the last, each clash with the police more dramatic. The opposition parties were as bewildered as the Gaullist government, which first used the club and then surrendered. The night of the barricades was the climax of this period, and the huge mass demonstration on May 13 was thought to be its epilogue.

Things worked out otherwise. The mass march proved instead to be a link in the chain, a link between the student rising and the biggest strike in French history. No wonder that many suddenly thought that "everything was possible." It wasn't. The political parties, though taken by surprise once again, reacted this time. The Communists in particular, while spreading the strike, did everything in their power to keep the struggle within the bounds of the existing social order. On May 27, when with the government's blessing the trade union leaders and employers reached their compromise, they had apparently reached their goal. But the workers of Renault and then throughout France rejected the deal. Yet this was the last twist. General de Gaulle, up to then at a loss, finally realized that the Communists, alone strong enough to carry the movement further, would not budge. He now could launch his counteroffensive, knowing that they would choose electoral defeat rather than the risks of revolution. June saw the agony of the movement.

The outline is familiar. The great merit of this book is to fill it in with substance and color. Thus, the description of the student rising is followed by an analysis of the various "grouplets"—Trotskyist, Maoist, Anarchist—suddenly thrown onto the center of the stage. We then are given interesting information about the two original creations of the French May: the Nanterre *22nd of March Movement,* which tried to rise above sects, and the *action committees,* aspiring to be the Soviets of the abortive revolution. Another section, significantly entitled "Words, Myths and Themes," recaptures the mood of that moment, with its rejection of authority, its mistrust of organized, established power, its disgust for the humdrum absurdity of

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everyday life. And throughout the book, as throughout that period, there is a curious mixture between the remembrance of things past and the search for the future.

Nowhere is this futurist side more striking than in the now famous *Amnesty for Blinded Eyes,* a manifesto one could read at the time on the walls. The influence of Marx is undeniable, but it is the prophetic Marx of parts of *Das Kapital* and especially the *Grundrisse,* the visionary explaining that "the theft of somebody else's labor time, on which wealth now rests, appears a miserable base compared with the one that large-scale industry creates and develops itself." Only, with the impatience so typical of the period, the authors wanted it all at once—the vanishing of the state, the abolition of the social division of labor, the disappearance of differences between labor and leisure. Such impatience can well be described as Utopian; but the struggle was not a battle of yesteryear.

Obviously, this book tells only half the story, and does not pretend to do more than that. What distinguished the French student rising from similar revolts throughout the world was the response it got—ambiguous, confused and yet a response—from the workers. The sociologists, however, despite their big grants and tape recorders, have not done for the workers the equivalent of what the two historians have done here for the students and intellectuals. There is no history of the general strike and we have to rely on bits and pieces, on impressions, to guess what the striking workers thought when they suddenly rediscovered their power.

But within its self-appointed limits this book is most valuable. Venturing at times beyond the academic world, it tells us quite a lot about the strike itself. Above all, it shows most vividly what happens to people's minds when the routine is broken, the social order disturbed, because the workers have laid down their tools. With its scholarly apparatus and bibliographical essay, it is an indispensable tool for the historian. But the book is more than that. It is a mine of information for the general reader and should stimulate passionate debates on subjects such as reform and revolution or spontaneity and organization. Indeed, it is to be hoped that a paperback edition will enable American radicals to study the book and not simply pick at it in the libraries.

"'May,' of course, will not happen again," Professor Vidal-Naquet rightly concludes in the postface, though he equally rejects the idea that history will stand still. It is not too difficult to explain why the movement failed, was bound to fail, and is not ready yet for a successful upsurge. But there are lessons in failure too. The crisis revealed the fragility of the modern state, the power of the workers, the depth of discontent beneath the smug surface of our societies. Escorted by ghosts from the past, the May movement pointed to the future because it offered the glimpse of an alternative and put the problem of revolution back on the historical agenda of the Western world. And that is why spokesmen for the Establishment have lost some of their assurance. In recapturing the mood of May, the authors of this book echo for their benefit the contemptuous message of Rosa Luxemburg:

> You stupid lackeys! Your "order" is built on sand. Tomorrow the revolution will rear its head once more and announce to your horror amid the brass of trumpets: "I was, I am, I always will be!" □

'You'll Not Subdue This Blue Air'

NO JERUSALEM BUT THIS. *By Samuel Menashe. October House. 88 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

GRACE SCHULMAN
Mrs. Schulman has published poetry and reviews in literary journals and has written a study of the poetry of Marianne Moore.

Apart from a smaller volume, *The Many Named Beloved,* which appeared in London in 1961, this is the only collection we have of Samuel Menashe's astonishing poetry. Nevertheless, Menashe, who lives in New York City, has been writing for twenty-three years, perfecting his poems as though he were chiseling them out of the stone he is especially fond of:

These stone steps

bevelled by feet
endear the dead
to me as I climb
them every night

Sparse, almost gnomic in their simplicity, the poems are structured in sentences but unpunctuated for the sake of a free conversational flow and images that are not contained. That enables the poet to avoid the monotony such simplicity might otherwise threaten, for the images, unenclosed, seem to explode from the narrow lines. The poet's great risk, though, is gambling on the dead-rightness of the exact word in compositions that may extend no longer than two to four lines (the one above, for example, is quoted in its entirety). It can be a dangerous game, and it is exhilarating to find him winning: in poem after stark poem, the sense expands.

Menashe's cadences are plangent and his language is Biblical. The musical accents are achieved by the skillful use of end rhyme, internal rhyme and assonance, as well as the off-pattern repetition of stressed and unstressed syllables. "Cargo" is especially sonorous:

Old wounds leave good hollows
Where one who goes can hold
Himself in ghostly embraces
Of former powers and graces
Whose domain no strife mars
I am made whole by my scars . . . .

As indicated by the title, Menashe's vision, engendered by Blake's, is of Jerusalem as a divine liberty acquired by the human imagination. The opening poem contains lines that announce this theme:

There is no Jerusalem but this
Breathed in flesh by shameless love
Built high upon the tides of blood
I believe in the Prophets and Blake
And like David I bless myself
With all my might. . . .

The images of Jerusalem and of King David, who blessed his household and the people when God's law was brought to the city, accrue meaning as the book progresses. The poet's awareness of commonplace things is heightened by his belief that the creative act is a way of knowing a permanent, sacred reality. His allusions to Jerusalem recall that Menashe (he pronounces it *men*-ah-*sheh,* as in Hebrew) had an American childhood that included a knowledge of Yiddish and the Jewish experience, as well as foreign travel. Yet his vision of Jerusalem is no more Jewish than Blake's is Christian: both embody a faith in the power of imagination to transform reality.

Menashe's voice is in the prophetic tradition, in the sense of the original meaning of "prophet"—not simply one who foretells the future but one who speaks for another, specifically for God. His poems have a visionary reality, hallucinatory in their clarity of outline. Much of the power of the book arises from his sense of death perceived in the midst of life. Ascending images, such as fire, or "a wall of windows / ignited by sun" are forged on the recognition of encroaching night. On a literal level, the poet recounts the loss of his father, who

drummed darkness
Through the underbrush
Until lightning struck . . . .

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and of his mother, whose death is commemorated in the latter quarter of the book called "The Bare Tree," the image signifying a tree in leaf whose beauty presages its leafless season. The poet's idealization of Jerusalem is built on his mother's grave and becomes, like Blake's, the vision of a woman and of a city. But what extends the experience to the lives of all is the poet's exactitude, as though the pressure of feeling has caused an intolerable accuracy: "And through death's terrain I go / Making my own procession," the poet exclaims, objectifying the arduous experience of the journey by the rightness of that word "procession."

At times there is a liberation of the imagination, as though caused by the impact of feeling and the belief in an aesthetic reality: "Blue month of May, make us / Light as laundry on lines." And there are moments when suffering is transformed into energetic praise of ordinary things, akin to the impulse of exaltation fundamental to the poetry of Hopkins. Neither self-pitying nor austere, Menashe affirms life in the teeth of brutal reality:

Crow, I scorn you
Caw everywhere
You'll not subdue
This blue air

Stephen Spender has observed that this poem ("Sudden Shadow," quoted in full) is, unwittingly, Menashe's answer to Ted Hughes, who presents the crow image as the inheritor of a destructive civilization. In "Crow's Theology," for example, Hughes declares:

Crow realized God loved him—
Otherwise, he would have dropped dead.
So that was proved.
Crow reclined, marvelling, on his heart-beat.

A comparison shows that both poets write with severity, abandoning rhetoric for simple diction. But while Hughes's consciousness of brutality has led to a biting, barbed-wire harshness, Menashe combines simplicity with high lyrical moments. At times he is reminiscent of Hasidic or gospel singers who fiercely transform their joys and sorrows into urgent worship:

O Many Named Beloved
Listen to my praise
Various as the seasons
Different as the days
All my treasons cease
When I see your face

Samuel Menashe's music may be a bit unsavage to evoke the image of a Jerusalem so darkly barbaric as to cause King David to shout up his praise in thanksgiving for God's holy law. Menashe's beautiful lines about a Jerusalem "Breathed in flesh by shameless love / Built high upon the tides of blood" recall that Judea was a land of unruly physical passion, of lust and of slaughter. In fact, there must have been a joyful noise when King David sang and danced before the Ark, playing on all manner of harps and cymbals and timbrels and instruments of cypress wood.

But restraint is not, for me, a limiting element in Menashe's poetry. If he does not emulate the song of that ancient nation, his own form of worship is urgent and real. It is a kind of pure exaltation, sounding as though he were chanting his songs as amulets against despair and death. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The first thing to be said of André Cayatte's *To Die of Love* is that we are concerned here with people of substance —moral, intelligent people coping with society according to the rules they understand. That applies as well to those one must call the villains of the piece; they may be bigoted—indeed, they are ferocious—but they act from strong convictions and ingrained standards. That this is worth saying reflects the fact that much of what is shown today on stage and screen floats in a psychological broth.

Cayatte did not create this tone—it is implicit in the real tragedy which a few years ago aroused France—but it is to his credit that he preserves it so scrupulously. *To Die of Love* moves one to pity and fury with minimum sensation and maximum conviction. It is a film to which you can trust your emotions; you will not be tricked or put down.

It is May 1968 in a French provincial city (Rouen in the picture). The students have risen in Paris and the spirit, if not the substance, of revolution is in the streets. Just at this time, a teacher in the lycée (Annie Girardot) discovers that she loves, and is loved by, one of her pupils (Bruno Pradal). She, Daniele, is a young 34; he, Gérard, a mature 17. Even so, the age difference is considerable, though if the sexes were reversed, it would not seem extraordinary. In any case, they are well-integrated people (the impressive substance of these two is splendid acting), they believe in their love and they propose to act on it without subterfuge (the spirit of revolution is in the air).

They understand their strength, but do not foresee that others can be as strong. Gérard is a minor, it is against the law to seduce a minor, the boy's parents (intellectual Marxists; emotional petit bourgeois) are beside themselves and go to the courts. There begins a time of torment for the couple. They will not —one feel they genuinely cannot—give each other up. She is sent to jail; he to a distant school. She is released; he escapes. They meet. He is declared demented, and sent to a sanitarium, where he is drugged until he submits. (Savage as the French judiciary seems in this film, the behavior of the doctors is more abominable—it reeks of the total state.) They meet and are torn apart, meet and are torn apart, until a mischance ends her life. A letter miscarries and, exhausted, she turns on the gas.

Vivid human beings are arrayed on both sides of the central torment. The parents grow ever more bitter and implacable as they come to realize that this union cannot be dissolved but must be smashed. Easily enough, they convince themselves that their boy is bewitched. Daniele's students provide a kind of chorus—awed by what they recognize as beautiful, torn between

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sorrow and rage by its destruction. Some of the functionaries are humane; some are—functionaries; the law is utterly without pity. (It has been changed, by the way, because of this affair; it is no longer so easy in France to place an uncomfortable citizen in "preventive custody.")

There is something of Greek tragedy in this picture. I don't want to burden it with grandiose praise, but the spectacle of strong—and headstrong—people beating themselves against the prevailing condition has that quality.

I said to myself, since the boy will be of age in a year, must they defy the gods? Particularly I asked it because Annie Girardot's characterization is of a rather crisp, humorous, well put together woman—surely she could have counseled patience. But perhaps not—she was at an age when love cannot wait, and he at an age when it won't. And then it had been on a march in that intoxicating May that they first held hands. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Seeing Jack Gelber's latest play *Sleep* (American Place Theatre) I was reminded of an incident in the life of two theatre people I know. They were both patients of the same psychoanalyst, and encountered each other one day in the foyer adjoining the doctor's office. Previously unaware that the same doctor was treating them both, they decided to play a joke on him. They contrived to tell him an identical dream invented for the purpose. Having listened to the retelling of their fabrication, the doctor made no further comment than the imperturbable, "Funny, that's the third time today I was told that dream."

In Gelber's play the "subject," Gil, undergoes in an experimental laboratory the routine which registers the reactions of a sleeping person. The play dramatizes his dreams and the effects on his thinking each time he is aroused from his sleep. He is asked such questions as what girls he kissed when he was 16 years old, arithmetical and metaphysical problems and his responses to names, male and female. As his dreams become more confused and hectic—he forgets much—he grows increasingly irritated and ends by leaving the laboratory, disgruntled by the entire proceeding. The "scientists" may have learned something from their experiments; he (and we) feels that the mysteries of the unconscious of the "subject's" total personality remain as dark and unfathomable as ever. The implication is that man's mind always remains basically unsusceptible to precise investigation.

Gil, awake or asleep, is our "average" citizen, that is to say not a particularly interesting subject. He was once a welfare worker, resentful of both his boss and his father. He disliked putting the questions his job obliged him to ask; they offended many of the recipients of welfare benefits and one of them at least (real or imagined), an unattractive black woman, makes advances to him in his dream. He has recently been divorced: in his dream he hears his children calling him. He also dreams of both his wife and mistress (or several of them?) in amatory contact or combat with him. In another dream, he is held up by a black man who threatens him with a switch blade and forces him to remove all his clothes: the pajamas he has been wearing during the experimental session. At first humiliated by this, he then becomes exhilarated by the sportive sense of freedom and defiance induced by his nakedness, and when he is awakened we find him considerably cheered. The only conclusion the investigators are able to reach as the result of their inquiry is the conundrum: what is it to sleep and what is not to be asleep? One condition is hardly more real than the other.

On going to sleep some hours after the show I dreamed that I was making love alternately to two well-known actresses (sisters) of my acquaintance and congratulated myself on my success with both of them, while I managed not to offend either by fully consummating the act. This, I surmised on waking, was perhaps my unconscious criticism of the play, for I found my dream more engagingly subtle than any I had seen enacted that evening on the stage. I was also convinced not only that I was not in the least perplexed as to what was dream and what was more substantial reality but also that, though dreams are presumed to be expressive of wishes, I feel mundane fact much more gratifying to me than dreams. Perhaps my dream was only an unconscious attempt to prove my point.

For all that, the play is rather entertaining, an amusing conceit which need not and cannot be taken as much more than pastime. I hope its author and producers do not ascribe too great an importance to it.

Its performance, under Jacques Levy's direction, is modestly pleasant, though I found it at times somewhat too literal, not sufficiently rich in stage invention. The cast is good: David Spielberg, as Gil, is excellent in ease, naturalness, energy and "dedication." Dorrie Kavanaugh, as dream wife and other mates, is very pretty; I shouldn't at all mind dreaming about her. □

THE SECRET

She would not pick up stones
even the most beautiful ones
or keep them, let alone
keep them, they never look
the same on the windowsill, or in
a bowl as in the brook,
she would not
pick flowers either
and they grow
so much faster than stones.

Daniel Mark Epstein

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The talents and determination of Sarah Caldwell, director of the Opera Company of Boston, have been so long obvious that one is always willing to make allowances for the hardships under which she labors. Several years ago, she managed the American première of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* very creditably in an inadequate converted movie theatre (Boston no longer has an opera house, its distinguished old one having been torn down in the 1950s), and this year, under similar conditions, she offered the first uncut performance in this country of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*. The achievement was conspicuously lesser, and one begins to fear that public tolerance for the company's continuing difficulties is beginning to play a role in planning; too many important matters don't seem to have been thought through with the kind of musical and theatrical acumen that have been the hallmarks of Miss Caldwell's best work (and traditionally she has been at her best in coping with large challenges).

In some cases, one felt that "interesting" preliminary ideas which had failed to work out might have been discarded in rehearsal had time been available to work out alternatives—but there wasn't and so such anomalies occurred as a large boat brought on in Act IV for Dido and Aeneas, who posed around and on it during the famous love duet. Surely they would sail away at the end; why else had it been brought on? But they didn't, and there remained only a suspicion that the machinery may have proved too noisy, drowning out the quiet closing

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measures (some directors, of course, would have said, "Damn the music! Full speed ahead!" and in this decision, at least, Miss Caldwell has my approval).

But what was the excuse for the ballet entertainment at the Carthaginian court? The spectacle of Negroes in Egyptian loincloths (with clearly visible zippers at the rear) dancing the story of Venus and Adonis in the style of *Swan Lake* to this distinctly *Empire* music stretched credibility in so many ways that not even the dancers' evident skill could override them.

Still more fundamental was the conflict between the nature of the opera as visual and aural spectacle, depending on long-range contrasts of mass and intimacy, and the available resources. *Moses und Aron* leans heavily on the chorus, which in this case had been superbly trained. Further, Schoenberg's orchestra functions very importantly (although by no means entirely) in terms of texture and color, so that limitations of number, enforced by the small pit, were not crippling. But *Troyens* calls for ceremonials and processions, which require a bearing and skill of maneuver that the predominantly collegiate chorus simply could not muster, while the restriction of the orchestra to fifty-five pieces severely vitiated the essential nature of the score. Some of us have been trying for years to erase from the popular mind the impression of Berlioz as a madman never content with fewer than 5,000 performers—but we didn't mean that *Troyens* should be performed with resources more appropriate to *Cosi fan tutte*!

This is not merely a matter of scale for its own sake—although that matters, too: *Troyens* is, among many other things, Imperial opera, of the same length and with something like the same nationalistic intent as Wagner's *Meistersinger*. More important, though, a work of more than four hours demands a certain degree of contrast, which Berlioz has provided in prodigious measure. But if the "big" moments are to be diminished by insufficient numbers, and the intimate ones coarsened through lack of ensemble rehearsal, the result will be less able to sustain its great length. (Interestingly, the first Boston performance, divided into two evenings, apparently had more success with the later Carthaginian acts than did the repeat—an afternoon-evening double-header—that I heard, when a certain weariness seemed to have set in after dinner.) In the end much of the essence—and not a small percentage of the detail—of *Les Troyens* simply failed to make it across the footlights.

Of course, there were valid moments, most notably the handling of the crowds in the Trojan acts. Miss Caldwell is not afraid of repose on stage; she knows the value of an absolutely static tableau, and we were spared the fussiness that mars so much current work at both New York houses. But even here, one glaring misinterpretation, of the crucial role of Cassandra, showed a failure to think out the consequences of an idea. As played by the vocally superb Maralin Niska, Priam's daughter threw herself about the stage with crazed gestures and in provocative poses, a combination of village idiot and village prostitute. When Chorèbe (Louis Quilico), her fiancé, entered—the image of a Trojan hard-hat—their relationship simply could not be taken seriously: why on earth would such a man consort in public with this crazy woman? And having begun at the level of hysteria, Miss Niska had little room for maneuver in developing character.

The others in the cast coped, one way or another, and Miss Caldwell herself conducted with ample if somewhat unvaried vigor; she is not the most efficient conductor, technically, and in any case the necessary orchestral thrust and virtuosity were not available. That *Les Troyens* nevertheless managed to achieve some kind of effect, even under these conditions, makes one wait still more impatiently for the rumored Metropolitan production in 1973. (Fortunately, the full sweep of the score is splendidly conveyed by the magnificent recording on Philips 6709-002, based on the Covent Garden production conducted by Colin Davis. A concert performance, of unpredictable quality but guaranteed, at least, to use the full complement of forces demanded by Berlioz, will be given in Carnegie Hall on March 17.) □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Talking about *Watermill*, Jerome Robbins' new ballet for the New York City Ballet, is like being confronted with a difficult painting and, when pressed for a remark, begging off with, "Well, I like the way the painter uses color." Usually it is the painting's inaccessibility that causes problems, but sometimes it is the subject matter. For example, at a Georgia O'Keeffe exhibit a couple of years ago, I saw women flinch at the obviously sexual (even gynecological) aspect of O'Keeffe's flowers and so respond to the blues and purples, which, though certainly attractive, are beside the point.

It is *Watermill*'s production to which I responded. The ballet's crucial subject and purpose, however, is to develop an Oriental state of consciousness through choreography. (The plot, as such, deals with nature and its physical manifestations; the ballet is divided into seasons of the year.) In this case, mode of production is not as extrinsic to the concerns of the ballet as color is to O'Keeffe's flowers; indeed, it is one of the keys and is as important as the choreography. Nevertheless, its Oriental point of view as expressed in choreography is the stumbling block; as expressed in production, it is a source of pleasure.

Watermill is the *dernier cri* of productions. Consider first, technology, stage machinery. The snowfall has become a standard show; it usually comes in quantity, a blizzard. In this work it falls gently, evenly, thinly, laying a blanket of quiet over the landscape. Another common contraption is the wind machine, which sends chiffon dresses heaving and dry ice billowing. In *Watermill* it creates only the faintest rustle in the three wheat stalks that dominate the stage. In the autumn section, it sends a few leaves to drift onto the stage. In the final moments of *Giselle*, the Wili Giselle drops two lilies from her hand just before entering her grave. The flowers fall sadly and reluctantly, like an ebbing pulse. The leaves of autumn fall that way. It is a breathtaking moment.

The falling snow and leaves and rustling wheat capture the Oriental delicacy, subtlety, precision and suggestiveness. They are also products of exquisite taste, and it is conceivable that Robbins would have been after the same subtleties with the dancers had he not been creating a

CREDO

I love you Caryl beyond the
intention of
stress in these walls.
Not to hold up, to
be, not to live, to
exist.
I love you so we do not
have to exist. To stay alive
is shit. To think
creatively of society.
Any manifestation of
preoccupation for others beyond
a person's sensibility and/or
self

is a lie.
I love you Caryl
just this being across
from you, in you, at/of
Caryl

life.

Clayton Eshleman

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Japanese feeling. One can imagine him producing a *Swan Lake* in which for the first time the dry ice creates a mist rather than a London fog. It is this quest for, and achievement of, perfection and Robbins' exquisite sensibility that makes *Watermill* so enthralling.

There are many other details. A sound of wind before the nightmare is at just the right sound level to suggest the very beginning of a (psychological) storm. The contrast between the lovemaking picnic and the nightmare picnic is a beautiful physical realization of perception that is psychologically determined. The love picnic takes place at the front of the stage in a relatively bright light (the lighting is quite dim throughout). The picnic blanket is bright purple and yellow; the girl's long hair is a glistening gold, an idealization of the color of wheat. During the nightmare the picnic takes place at the back of the stage, in an area so dark one can barely make out the shapes of the people. Their blanket is dark, an old army one perhaps? Then there are compositional details. For example, each of the Japanese lanterns and small kites that some boys carry on two separate occasions hover and bob in the air at different altitudes. Four of the lanterns are large and of primary colors, but two of them (one on each side) are small and white. These are small points, but they are immensely satisfying visually and emotionally, because it is obvious that it has all been done with extreme deliberation and painstaking care.

Yet no matter how long a list of details one may compile and how apparent is the fact that this rarefied aesthetic sense is intrinsically bound up with the Japanese sensibility, the other fact is that that is not what *Watermill* is about. The crux is the creation of a certain state of consciousness that has come to be associated with Oriental meditation, with Zen. The ballet is long; at the first performance on February 3 it ran for a little more than an hour. There is no dancing, except for a brief flurry from an adolescent boy who represents the idea of spring. The dancers do move, but slowly. Very slowly. Recently, many choreographers have been slowing up dance movement so as to intensify and magnify it. Robbins' people do even less and take longer about it. As a result, not only is there a kinetic intensification but an intensification of time itself. This is further heightened by Teiji Ito's reedy, sparse score, which falls like droplets into a pool of water. The central figure, a kind of Everyman (Edward Villella), is the stillest of all. He observes, remembers (the lovemaking and nightmare picnics, for example), and perhaps sleeps. His movements and those of the tillers, harvesters and boys who carry lanterns

NORWEGIAN COASTLINE

beneath the cliffs
one house
a finger
raised in silence

B. Hughes

and kites are measured, ceremonial and self-aware, though not self-conscious. One begins to feel time, feel the muscles that enable a person to stand erect. Likewise, one must meditate on the moon that is going through its phases and ascending and descending, and on the wheat that moves ever so slightly. Nothing is happening. On the other hand, everything is happening . . . or is it?

The meditational climax occurs when each of several women separates one stalk of wheat from the composite stalk, slowly walks with it a few steps, looks at the stalk in her hands, watches her hand let go of the stalk, and then watches the stalk as it falls to the ground. One woman, however, does not release her stalk. She waves it back and forth. She looks at this pendulum motion. The other women and the Everyman slowly shift their attention to it. Then they watch it. If you, the audience, cannot look at that pendulum motion long and hard enough so that you simultaneously lose yourself yet feel a greater self-consciousness than you've ever felt, so that you can feel your eyeballs seeing, then you are not "with" *Watermill*. To put it vulgarly, if you're not given to meditating your navel, the ballet is not going to work for you. If you try to do it because you know that Robbins has set up perfect conditions, you'll experience frustration and a touch of insanity. Maybe a shot of LSD would help.

The aesthetic pleasure afforded by the myriad details on which *Watermill* is built is quite different from responding to its choreography and the state of mind it embodies. For the latter, one must enter into the ballet. The former comes from a state of detachment. Appreciating that the wheat moves, but barely, is not the same as meditating upon its motion. No matter that the appreciation is intense, it's not the full response Robbins wants. Objectively speaking, in terms of the relationship between mode of presentation, choreography and content, *Watermill* is perfect. But I could not participate in the Zen experience, and flinched at the ballet's proposal to go insane. Of course, if any of the stumbling blocks were removed—if there were less stillness and fewer eternal seconds—the ballet's identity and whole point would be wrecked. So I shall have to stick to *Watermill*'s colors.

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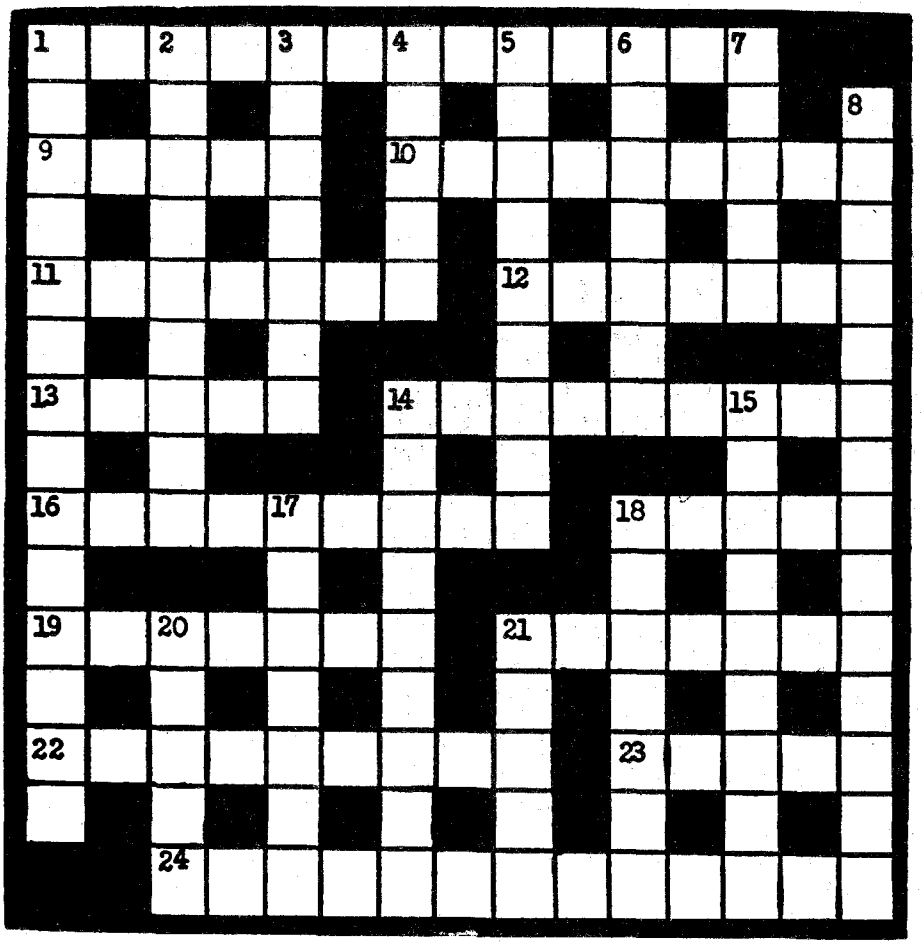
Crossword Puzzle No. 1432

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One of Lincoln's vices? (6,7)
9 Finishes the edge with flowers? (5)
10 Professed meaning of our P.R. Dept. (9)
11 The quantity worked on suggests *Carmen*, for example, going to Bismarck's place, in short. (7)
12 A form of lyre modeled around the age of this, with some enthusiasm. (7)
13 It might mean more money, though "is" seems to be confused with "are." (5)
14 In winter, men try to conceal it, though many consider it a mark of respect. (9)
16 Train this? Not usually as understandable as the radio type. (9)
18 Taken from the shelf, fish and fowl are usually not included in it. (5)
19 Unsatisfactory to have a leg broken with it—in fact unlawful. (7)
21 Raw eggs could cause a certain amount of affected superiority. (7)
22 The foundation of sea power? (5,4)
23 The shape of a hundred on ninety-nine. (5)
24 Endodontics, if carried to extreme, might leave one in such a state of cool! (13)

DOWN

1 In Paris, poor paint might be what is required to meet the budget. (14)
2 The flower of John (Harvard) and Eli on exhibit? (9)
3 Britons claimed one could never do it to them. (7)
4 Perpetrated a practical joke. (5)
5 Should make food available, even though it seems to make her starve. (9)
6 A parasite that might gather Porifera? (7)
7 14 across for the most part could be such a salt. (5)
8 Marx followers might remember this, though it should take less than 24 hours' running. (1,3,2,3,5)
14 Impress by repeated statement. (9)
15 Coming out of Greece, men could be a bit strange! (9)
17 Like one sort of nail, for example. (7)
18 Marianne's traditionally like another girl. (7)
20 Pep up, with the 54 type! (5)
21 The thing polite people were told not to make is now made more relevantly.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1431

ACROSS: 1 Dress down; 9 Wash-out; 10 Caboose; 12 Grouse; 13 List; 15, 7 and 27 Breach of promise suit; 16 Career; 18 Intake; 23 and 6 across Goes to pot; 24 Bearer; 25 and 11 Canyon; 28 Obtrude; 29 Unaware; 30 Elect; 31 Side-steps. DOWN: 1 Dewey; 2 Essence; 3 Sponge cake; 4 Orthodox; 5 Nicest; 6 Toby; 8 and 17 Theater in the round; 14 Barbarians; 15 and 20 across Bring home the bacon; 19 Trestle; 21 Cockade; 22 Levels; 26 Needs.

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The first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, known as the Bill of Rights, were adopted on December 15, 1791.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and other rights essential to our way of life were proclaimed in these ten Amendments, and have been indispensable to America's progress and democratic way of life ever since.

These freedoms and the Bill of Rights will endure only if a vigilant citizenry is implacably dedicated to their defense and preservation.

It is therefore most appropriate, on this 180th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, for all New Yorkers and all Americans to renew their determination to preserve the guarantees afforded by these amendments for all individuals and groups.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby proclaim the period of December 9-15, 1971, as

BILL OF RIGHTS WEEK

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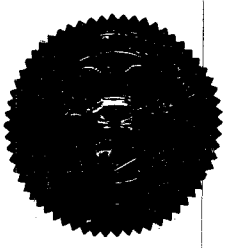

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this twenty-fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one.

BY THE GOVERNOR

Secretary to the Governor

...BUT NOT NOTICED.

Governor Rockefeller's proclamation was presented at the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee's dinner on the occasion of the 180th anniversary of the Bill of Rights but went unreported by the press.

If evidence be needed of the timeliness and relevance of this proclamation, it can be found in THE NATION's special issue by Frank J. Donner and Eugene Cerruti: "The Grand Jury Network: How the Nixon Administration Has Secretly Perverted a Traditional Safeguard of Individual Rights."

We feel this shocking story deserves the widest possible readership. Bulk copies are available; an order form is provided below.

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